THE

SANITARY COMMISSION BULLETIN.

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THE SANITARY COMMISSION BULLETIN *is published on the first and fifteenth of every month, and as it has a circulation, gratuitous or other, of above* 14,000 *copies, it offers an unusually valuable medium for advertising.*

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the office, 823 *Broadway, and must be authenticated by the names and addresses of the writers.*

As the continuance of the publication of the BULLETIN *is uncertain, depending on that of the war, and on the resources of the U. S. Sanitary Commission—the Standing Committee feels a certain degree of reluctance to solicit subscriptions for it—and thereby to pledge the Commission to its issue for a definite period.*

The Committee understand, however, that some of their friends to whom it is now sent gratuitously, express a wish to pay for it, and they therefore give notice that the sum of two dollars, remitted to the Treasurer, (G. T. STRONG, 68 *Wall Street, or No.* 823 *Broadway, New York,) will secure its being sent to such contributor during the remainder of the current year, unless its publication be sooner discontinued.*

SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

AFFAIRS AT CHATTANOOGA.

Dr. Read reports to Dr. Newberry, from Chattanooga, June 12:

For a long time events have so crowded upon each other, in this department, and my work has been of such a miscellaneous character, that it has been impossible for me to give you any detailed statement of that part of the work especially under my observation.

A brief allusion to the more prominent occurrences of the past, and to the lessons they seem to teach, would, perhaps, be all you would care to read during the stirring events of the present.

During the spring and summer of 1863, the Commissary's Department and the Commission furnished a large supply of vegetables to the soldiers in the field, and when in midsummer the army advanced from Murfreesboro', the men were in good condition, and though the long march to Chattanooga was a tedious one, over mountain roads, it was through a country where green corn, potatoes, fruits and berries were comparatively abundant.

In getting into Chattanooga, our army met the rebels in overwhelming numbers on the bloody field of Chickamauga, and though they retired from the battle-field, they won, at a terrible loss, a substantial victory, and Chattanooga was firmly held.

But our army there was really besieged; the soldiers there, to a great extent, had lost their clothing, tents, and blankets. The means of transportation were so limited, that the loss could not be supplied. During the cold wet weather that followed after, fences, shade trees, and all spare buildings were consumed. Camp fires were very

rarely kindled, either for warmth or for cooking, on account of the want of wood.

The severely wounded were returned here in crowded hospitals, sparingly provided with the articles of diet, clothing, etc., which such men need, although every available means was employed to get stores through from Stevenson, and the hospitals were much better supplied, than any other part of the army. I was enabled to get though a large supply of condensed milk, an article, in such an emergency, of inestimable value, used freely in tea and coffee, as a dressing for toast and rice, and for making milk punches; it alone I have no doubt, saved hundreds of lives, and this was the testimony of all the surgeons whom I heard speak of it.

In the meantime our brave soldiers have exhibited the highest types of heroism. Inadequately clothed, many without blankets, with leaking tents, or none at all, on half and quarter rations, of the current articles of diet alone; their pitiful allowance of hard tack, frequently wet and mouldy, gathering from the streets the scattering grains of corn "to parch," and thus eke out their scanty allowance; encamped in a sea of mud, exposed to the constant fall rains without fire; their encampments a daily target for the enemy's shells, their confidence in their cause, and in their commander was unshaken, and the determination to endure this and more, as long as it might be necessary, was universal. In riding through the camps complaints and murmurings were unheard, and I doubt not had the vote of the soldiers been taken, in the most untoward circumstances, the decision would have been nearly, or quite unanimous, "to die in Chattanooga, rather than abandon it."

The deliverance for which they waited, came in the series of brilliant battles in November, with such a loss as was of course inevitable; and our hospitals were again crowded with wounded. Communication was opened by river and by railroad, and the stores accumulated at Stevenson, Nashville, etc., were brought forward in abundance.

The hospitals were all supplied with all articles of necessity and luxury, yet the per centage of deaths from hospital was much greater than after the battle of Chickamauga.

After the battles of Chattanooga, the want of all means of transportation rendered another period of repose inevitable for that part of the army which was confronting the rebel Gen. Johnson, and an effort was made to vary the hard fare of the soldiers by the addition of potatoes, onions, pickles, etc.

Never before in this department were so large amounts of these articles distributed by our Commission; and they were made to reach the entire army. Larger quantities than are ordinarily issued were forwarded by the commissaries; and now when active operations are resumed, and our hospitals are again crowded with wounded, a marked change in the physical condition of the men is apparent. Patients are rapidly recovering from wounds now, who wounded in like manner, in the battles of November, would certainly have died.

THE LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

The lesson it seems to me, we should learn from this, is one which has often been urged by the Commission, and cannot be repeated too often, "that the time to care for our wounded, is before they are wounded"—the time to care for wounds, is before they are made. This can only be done by a constant and liberal issue of vegetable food to the men in the field, and to be effectually done, and at the least expense, should never be deferred until the appearance of scurvy admonishes us that our work has been neglected.

It seems to me also, that during these periodic seasons of repose, we should accumulate larger supplies of "battle-stores," at the extreme front, or at the nearest place to the front where they will be safe.

The greater part of the stores which are of special necessity, during battles, and immediately after them, such as milk, beef tea, stimulants, shirts, drawers, rags, bandages, compresses, sheets, pillows, pads, arm-slings, etc., will keep an indefinite length of time, and it would be a great relief at all times, to those of us at the front, if we could feel that from the accumulation of these stores here, a rebel raid, the failure of a bridge, a military necessity, requiring all the transportation in the rear

for days or weeks, for troops, equipages, munitions or forage, would not deprive us of the power of aiding the wounded. The interruption of transportation for the past week, by the failure of a bridge, has seriously embarrassed us, by making it impossible to receive stores, which we are exceedingly anxious to ship to the front, where they are greatly needed, and which we could readily push forward at any time from this point.

THE DEAD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

After the extraordinary demand upon our stores and time, incident to the battles of November, had somewhat diminished, an inquiry was received with regard to an officer of a Missouri Regiment, who was supposed to have fallen on the battle-field of Chickamauga, accompanied by an urgent request from his father, a resident of New Jersey, that his fate be ascertained, and his body recovered, if possible. The task at first seemed a hopeless one, but after a little time such information was obtained as rendered success probable, and an expedition was started for the battle-field under command of Capt. Barber, of the Ohio Sharp-shooters, and an escort of his men. The Captain was also instructed by Gen. Thomas to bury any of our dead who might be found on the field, and make report on his return to the headquarters of the department. The expedition was successful, the body sought for found, and clearly identified, and is now deposited in the National Cemetery here.

But so many of our dead were found entirely unburied, and the work of previous burial parties so imperfectly done, (the rains having washed away the scanty coverings of earth, so that hands, feet, and skulls protruded from almost every grave,) that the Captain concluded not to attempt to finish the work, and returned on the second day, and made report of the condition of the field. This report induced the General Commanding to issue his order to Capt. Barber, to take the greater part of his command, proceed to the battle-field, encamp there, and continue his work until *all* the dead were buried. What I had seen on the previous expedition induced me to accompany this, to work with the Captain, and as far as possible identify the remains of the fallen, mark their resting places, and save for the friends all personal mementoes that could be gathered up. During the fifteen days spent upon the field, between 800 and 900 of our dead were buried; some had never been buried, and part had been imperfectly buried by our own men after the battles of November. The only instance indicating that the *rebels* had buried any of our dead, was, where the men were found buried in one grave, *all shot in the head*, a strap buckled around the arm of one and the legs of another tied together with a strap. It was evident they had been shot after they were captured.

The whole battle-field was carefully patrolled by Capt. Barber's men, a grave dug for each soldier, his remains carefully deposited and covered, and when by a careful examination of clothing, contents of pockets, or in any other way the identity of the body could be ascertained, the grave was marked with his name.

The inscription on the head-boards and the location of the graves of all who were buried by our men during the battle, or from the rebel hospitals, were also carefully noted, and the bodies of many have been thus recovered and forwarded to their friends through this office.

One instance will illustrate the nature of this work: Two miles south of Crawfish Springs we found the body of a man whose clothing indicated that he was a Union officer, a Lieutenant or Captain, as indicated by his coat; an artillery or cavalry officer, as indicated by his pants. Near him was found a private soldier, with a sutler's check of the 4th Ohio Cavalry in his pocket. A large number of the officer's teeth had been filled with gold. As these were loose in the jaws, only the skeleton and clothing remaining, they were taken, with a description of the light color of hair and every particular which could identify the remains. Upon our return to Chattanooga, I ascertained that Chaplain Van Horne had received a letter of inquiry from the mother of Lieut. ———, 4th Ohio Cavalry, who was supposed to have fallen in the neighborhood where this body was found. A minute description was returned, and in response a friend of the deceased comes down from ——— and clearly identifies the remains, and takes them to the mother.

Others were also identified, and many preserved mementoes gathered up which were sent to the Cleveland Fair, to be delivered to friends, if found.

During the first occupation of this place there was no general system of burials, and the dead were deposited in scattered groups, graves imperfectly marked, or not marked at all, and no general register kept any where. All this is now changed. A most desirable location has been selected for a National Cemetry, which has been placed in charge of Chaplain Van Horne, specially detailed by Gen. Thomas for that duty; the grounds are being regularly and beautifully laid out, with streets and avenues, the whole surrounded by a substantial stone wall, now nearly completed, the summit of the hill to be crowned by a suitable monument, and the whole of the grounds to be filled with ornamental trees and shrubs, at the proper season. A complete register of all burials is now kept, and every possible precaution taken to secure absolute accuracy.

The frequent loss of hospital records after the battle of Chickamauga, and the fact that there were many Division Hospitals at the post which did not report to the Medical Director, induced us to keep at our office a register of all hospital cases here, and adding to it so far as we could a record of all deaths in regimental hospitals and of the killed in action. This has been of so much service to us in answering special inquiries from the Hospital Directory, and from friends at home, that we have felt compelled to continue it, and keep at the office a full register of all patients at this post. We add to it also the location of all graves, as far as we can, from the regular reports, and from copies of the inscriptions of all head-boards of scattered graves.

MAIL MATTERS.

The detention of letters and papers in the post office here directed to soldiers and commanding officers of companies has been a great evil, and cannot be avoided, unless all will learn to *prepay fully* all mail matter sent to soldiers in the field, or unless some one will pay the daily postage on the packages underpaid. The letters to soldiers are usually from friends at home, and the failure to receive them frequently prevents the soldier from writing home. The packages to officers of companies very often contain descriptive rolls and discharge papers, and great loss and annoyance must frequently occur from their detention. Under your instructions I have already paid the postage on 6,130 letters and packages, which would otherwise have been detained, the postage amounting to $418.41, and have to-day also directed the postmaster to pay the postage on newspaper packages sent from the office of publication, which could not otherwise be forwarded. As it will require a large amount to keep up these payments, I trust you will call attention to the importance of having all mail matter to soldiers in the field, including newspapers and magazines from the offices of publication *fully* prepaid. This, also, should be borne in mind, that double rates are charged on all deficits, and that no postmaster has any discretion allowed him. He must collect it or lose it, or have the package on which it is charged in his office.

We have forwarded as requested from time to time, to various points in the North, the bodies of officers and soldiers who have been killed in action or who have died in hospitals, and I believe in every instance the remains have reached the proper destination in safety. You will see, however, from a General Order, which I send you, marked "A," that this part of our work must be suspended until after the 31st day of October next.

THE GARDENS.

Under some discouragements, and as the result of much labor, the hospital gardens of the Commission are proving eminently a success. The ground has not been accurately measured, but it is estimated between 150 and 200 acres, in addition to about 40 acres of vineyards of Catawba vines, which are now in good condition, and fruiting well. The general and special orders, of which the copies enclosed are marked B, C, D & E, will show how fully we have been aided and sustained in this part of our work by Major-General Thomas, commanding the Department, and by Major-General Steadman, commanding the post. An additional order was published in the paper here, which effectually prevents all trespassing.

We have one company of the 31st Indiana permanently detailed as a guard. Have about 30 men as a permanent detail for workmen and to gather the vegetables, and a daily detail from a colored regiment, of from 50 to 75 men. We have had made at the Government shop 1 roller, 1 hand and 1 horse "marker," 4 harrows, some 300 feet of hot-bed frames, and various other articles. Have received many tools from the country, and have a full supply of horses, harness, and all tools except hoes, of which we need two or three dozen more.

We have issued thus far only mustard, lettuce, radishes, peas and onions, and are now distributing of these to all soldiers in and out of hospitals at this post, and have shipped twice to the hospitals at Resaca.

The total issues to date have been 2,319 bushels. While entering up the issues for the day, last evening, an orderly from Department Headquarters brought in the note of which the copy is enclosed, marked "F." It is evident now, unless some unexpected accident happens, that the garden will furnish a continuous and full supply of vegetables for all the sick and wounded at the post, through the summer and early fall months, with a constant surplus for convalescent camps and men in the field. I send you enclosed a statement of the issues of this post, and of the shipments to the front, of the most important articles for the month of May. The aggregate of some of the articles are very large, but never before has there been such a large and long-continued demand for these articles, a demand which will continue and probably increase for many days to come.

Of the more recent work at the front, those who are on the field have or will give you full reports. As soon as it was evident that an immediate advance of the army was contemplated, a depot of stores was opened at Ringgold, forces called in from Nashville, Knoxville and Huntsville, all gathering at the point.

The details of the work there they will narrate. I will only add, that it is certain our stores have been of inestimable value. They have been pushed on from point to point, as the railroad has been opened, going on by the first train, and at every battle have been taken by teams from the terminal depot to the field and distributed to the wounded, frequently under fire, and always as fast as they were gathered into the Field Hospitals.

The steady advance of the army has prevented gathering complete lists of casualties; but the name, rank, company, regiment, and nature of wound of all who have been admitted into the temporary field hospitals, have been forwarded to you, with copies of the inscriptions of all head boards on the battle-field this side of Kingston, the lists of the deaths in hospitals at the front, etc.

All statistics are forwarded to the office of the Hospital Directory as fast as received, and every effort is made to bring up the reports of the changes in the hospitals here, which are now long in arrears. I have assurance that this difficulty will be immediately remedied.

My co-laborers here are Mr. Bartlett, Store-keeper, assisted by Mr. Rindle, Transportation Agent, Prof. H. B. Hosford, Hospital Visitor, Mr. Miney, and Mr. Houghton, who have charge of special inquiries and the reports for the Hospital Directory, and Mr. Thomas Wills, Gardener, all eminently fitted for the duties assigned them, and all laboring beyond their strength in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Werth is also here, and did good service as Transportation Agent, until sickness rendered him incapable of discharging the duties of his office. He is assisting in the store-room, but will leave soon for his home.

Our main want is now, a constant and large supply of all battle stores. We have sent everything to the front, and our agents and the Medical Director are calling for more. We expect six car-loads this P. M. from Nashville, and shall send at least four of them immediately to the front.

The ice you sent came in excellent condition, and I hope more will be forwarded. Of all we have, we need a larger supply than we have received for a long time, and of our cooking utensils, cups, plates, coffee boilers, camp-kettles, a large number are required. But you know fully our wants from the telegrams and letters already forwarded, and a repetition of them is unnecessary.

AT THE FRONT.

Mr. Read writes:

HOSPITAL FIRST DIVISION, 4TH A. C., NEAR DALLAS, *June 1st*, 1864.

Here we are and here we have been for eight days. Constant firing on our front and to the right and left of us. The enemy reached this place one day in advance of us, put up their works, and so far have stopped our progress. There are not unfrequent assaults on both sides, and each side has so far been repulsed. We are moving our line farther to the left and nearer to the railroad, while McPherson, who is on our extreme right, can neither advance nor get away; neither can the enemy drive him away.

I think we have had not less than —— wounded since we left Resaca. We have had no rain for a week, and the weather is very hot; thermometer 95° in the shade to-day.

Yesterday we received three loads of stores from Kingston. Pocock going after them, but he was compelled to leave them some nine miles back. The wagons had to take in ammunition, so that he came here leaving the stores under guard. I obtained other wagons of the Medical Purveyor.

The hospitals of the 15th and 16th Corps have been moved with their wounded eight miles to the left of where they were first established. This, of course, is hard and injurious for the bad cases. The light cases have been sent back to Kingston, and, in some cases, the very bad ones, but this was done but by order of Dr. Kitto. * *

By being on the field as we are, we can secure all needed transportation.

* * * * *

Dr. Hazen is in the sick train this side of Chattanooga; Fairchild with the 14th Corps; Brundsitt with the 20th; Hoblit with the 4th and 23d; and I go from one to the other, doing what I can. The lists of casualties have all been forwarded, and goods have been brought forward promptly.

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CHATTANOOGA, *June 4*, 1864.

We have sent two car-loads of stores to Kingston to-day, and have but little left here. Thirty-six boxes containing shirts, drawers, rags and bandages, are on the way from Knoxville. I have purchased and had made $200 worth of cooking utensils, cups, coffee pots, pails, wash basins, &c., &c. and sent them to Kingston, where the wounded come in by thousands, and where, without this provision, little food could be prepared or served. Mr. Enos and Mrs. Dickinson have gone down to-day. I have asked Mr. Tone to take all available help and cooking utensils from Resaca to that point, turning over all needed stores to the General Hospital remaining there, and engaging some one connected with it to answer promptly all special inquiries and furnish us reports.

We need hospital and battle stores of all kinds. The call upon us has been larger than ever before in this department, and we have more nearly than ever before supplied the demand. The daily demand will not diminish, but rather increase for weeks. *Do not let us lack supplies.* The comfort of all and the lives of many will depend on the supplies you send us. When one man or a thousand actually needs our stores to-day, we cannot keep them for the thousands who will need them more to-morrow. We look for new shipments for them.

The continued rains interfere somewhat with gardening operations and the gathering of vegetables; but all the time the weather permits, from twelve to twenty men are gathering fresh vegetables, which are taken by our own men to the various hospitals, in quantities to reach all who carefully use them. And nothing we furnish is more gratefully received or more beneficial. Two double wagons are employed for this work, and are rarely diverted to any other duty.

We send you lists of deaths to date in Resaca hospitals, and additional lists of those killed in action near Resaca, gathered with much labor, by Mr. Tone, from the inscriptions on the headboards of the scattered graves.

* * * * *

THE HOSPITALS AT CHATTANOOGA.

The Rev. H. B. Hosford reports, June 12:

I can hardly call what I intended to write, a report, as I know of nothing which I have done, or failed to do, while connected with the Commission, which seems to me to be in any special manner, worthy of record.

I chose, therefore, to write of the hospitals of Chattanooga themselves, rather than anything which I have done or attempted to do in connection with them.

The recent movements of the army and the battles consequent thereupon, have wrought great changes in the hospitals at this point. The General Hospital has been enlarged by means of tents, near the hospital buildings erected, and left for our use by Gen. Bragg, upon the crest of a hill, a few rods west of the railroad depot, and also by the establishment of General Hospital, Division No. 8, located upon a high bank of the Tennessee river, about three-fourths of a mile north of the city. The number of patients in General Hospital this morning was ——.

A new hospital was also established upon Lookout Mountain, in which there are at the present time —— patients. The Officer's Hospital has been removed from its former location in Chattanooga to Lookout Mountain, and has —— patients. The Field Hospital near the base of Lookout Mountain has been much enlarged, and otherwise improved in accommodations, but not increased to any considerable extent in numbers, in consequence of the constant and large transfers made to Northern Hospitals. It numbers ———.

A new Field Hospital pertaining to the Army of the Tennessee, has been established and located about three-quarters of a mile east of General Field Hospital. There are also several convalescent camps, and hospitals connected with certain brigades, or detachments from brigades on duty at this post.

The daily changes made in transfers at all of these hospitals have been great, for a week or two past, in consequence of almost constant arrivals and departures of trains of sick and wounded from the boat, or to the hospitals at the North, especially at Nashville. All, with few exceptions, who are able to bear with safety the journey, are transferred, leaving the room and cots which they occupied, for those who should the same day arrive from the field. Many of the latter remain here but for a day. Others are sent immediately to the convalescent camps, from which some of them, are soon returned to duty.

The whole number now in hospital here and in the convalescent camps, is not far from ———, of which a very large proportion are very slightly wounded, or lightly affected by disease. Most, however, are in one way or another unfit for duty in the field, while many, very many, are lying upon their low cots dreadfully mangled and maimed, or wasting under the power of dangerous or fatal disease; most of them manfully bearing their sufferings, as for their country's sake, or manifesting day by day, by their patient fortitude, as much true heroism as it is possible for any man to manifest in the fore-front of the battle. Their cheerful hope and uncomplaining fortitude, as well as the intense earnestness with which they inquire for any news from the front which may indicate the progress of our arms, or launch forth their hearty invectives upon the enemies of our country, whether rebels in the field or sympathizers with them at home, show that the soldiers of the Northern Army are no mercenary horde, but are worthy of the proud position which they hold, not only as soldiers of the American Army, but as American citizens. After every battle they inquire eagerly what part their own corps has taken in it, if any; who of their own regiment, company or comrades have been particularly heard from since. They talk with subdued voice of the number of wounded; they say little of the numbers killed, but the lines of their countenances show that they are not forgetful

> "Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,
> The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

The location of the hospitals at Chattanooga could not in the main be better. Most of them are upon high ground, fanned by the breezes from the mountains, and commanding views of scenery, which both by their intrinsic beauty and by their patriotic associations can but be health-inspiring to those who are able to look upon them from their narrow cots, or through the open door, or as with feeble and aided steps they take their seats upon the outside, and gaze, as they often do for hours in some cases, upon one of the most beautiful and otherwise interesting pictures ever spread out to the view of man.

From almost every point of the hill where

stands the General Hospital, and the same is true to a considerable extent of the other locations, there looms up in close proximity upon the south the bold and rocky front of Lookout Mountain, presenting to the immediate view below the palisades the slopes over which Hooker's brave soldiers charged upon the enemy and drove them from their entrenchments. Immediately in the rear of the General Hospital, and distant but a few hundred yards, flows the Tennessee, and doubling back upon itself, at the north end of Lookout Mountain, and presenting, as in a picture, the whole scene of that wonderfully successful midnight descent of the pontoon boats, with 1,250 picked men, directly under the rebel batteries, to the place where the boats were anchored, and our hosts went over to battle and to victory. All along in front stretches the ever-to-be-remembered Mission or Missionary Ridge, presenting to the looker-on the scene of that noble daring by which the rebels were finally driven from the strongholds of Chattanooga. The thoughts gliding at will over the ridge in a southeasterly direction from the hospital, dwell upon that plain of terrible interest to many a soldier, the field of Chickamauga.

Immediately in front of the Hospital, and near the base of Mission Ridge, too remote to suggest by any object which can be seen, unpleasant or saddening associations, and yet capable of being easily seen in its graceful outlines, and contemplated by those who may find a solemn pleasure in doing so, stands the National Cemetery, where thousands upon thousands are to lie in glorious dust. When ornamented by all that American genius or patriotism can furnish, through all coming time

> "The heavens their dews shall shed
> On the patriot martyr's bed,
> And the rocks shall raise their head
> His deeds to tell."

The hospitals of Chattanooga are almost without exception under the control and direction of able surgeons, who have a true and hearty interest in the welfare of those who come under their charge. Especially is this the case with the General Hospital. No one can pass through its wards from day to day, beholding everywhere order, cleanliness and quiet, and hearing from the lips of sick and wounded men lying there frequent and heartfelt expressions of gratitude for the kind attention bestowed upon them, needs any other testimony to the skill and fidelity of the surgeon in charge, and of those whom he has associated with him. The supplies by the Government, supplemented daily in no small degree by the contributions of the Northern Aid Societies, are ample for all that medicine, food and clothing can do for the comfort and recovery of the sick and wounded soldier. The distribution of reading matter, both religious and secular, in the hospitals is quite liberal, but probably might be largely increased with advantage among the convalescents.

A better system, or rather some system of securing good nurses and cooks, and possibly some other attendants for the hospitals, other than that of depending upon detailed soldiers, seems to me to be the most important thing wanting to make the hospitals at this point as nearly perfect as they can be. In regard to these there exists in almost all cases one or the other of two unhappy liabilities. Either the person detailed belongs to the great class of shirks, and is therefore morally unfit for the position, or he may be ordered to duty in the field at a time when his services are most valuable and needed in hospital. It has seemed to me worthy of consideration whether the expense of maintaining a small herd of cows, in connection with each hospital in a place like this, would not be abundantly and over and over again returned, in the healing and comfort which fresh milk would afford to the sick and wounded. There is, moreover, material enough daily wasted from hospitals—pieces of bread, vegetables, &c.—to furnish no inconsiderable portion of the keeping of cows.

The hospitals are now receiving in quite large instalments dividends from the gardens. Fresh salad, peas, radishes, mustard and onions, are daily gathered and distributed among the hospitals, at present averaging about 400 bushels per day, much to the comfort and health of the men. In conclusion, I would say of my observation of the working of the Sanitary Commission at this point during the last four months, has been on the whole to my own mind

satisfactory and gratifying. I know that great pains and indefatigable labor are bestowed by the agents here to secure to the fullest extent possible the proper care and distribution of the stores committed to their trust by the benevolent and patriotic friends of the soldier at home.

Whatever may in truth be said of waste and loss and misconduct of incompetent and dishonest men, occasionally in the employ of the Commission, pertains alike, though in many cases to a far greater degree, to all the operations of business connected with the army. The waste and loss which occur are in a great measure absolutely unavoidable, and compared with the good accomplished, not as much as the light dust of the balance.

Let carping pharisees cry, "Why was all this waste made?" It is enough for the friends of the Commission to know that they have wrought a good work, and that wherever the gospel of benevolence, patriotism and humanity shall be spread throughout the whole world, this which they have done shall be spoken of as a memorial of them.

VEGETABLES.

Mr. Seymour says, June 14:

Since my last report I have spent most of my time at the front, with the army advancing on Atlanta, until I was compelled to abandon the field on account of a severe attack of dysentery, from which I am now recovering. Before I left Knoxville, and since, we issued vegetables quite liberally, not only to men in hospitals, but to those in the field. On the moving of the Army from the Department of the Ohio to the Cumberland, under Gen. Sherman, we had just received from you a liberal supply of potatoes and kraut, and I succeeded in issuing the latter to the men before the army left. I was requested by Gen. Schofield not to issue the potatoes, as the men would be on the move the next day, and would not have means of transportation. Generals Cox and Judah were very anxious that their men should have them, as they were suffering for want of vegetable diet. They stated that at a certain day they should reach Charleston, about one hundred miles in advance, and hoped I should be able to reach them there with the potatoes, when they would rest a day or two. At the proper time I succeeded in procuring from Gen. Schofield an order for cars to transport to Charleston one hundred barrels of potatoes. I dispatched Mr. Crary in charge of them; he succeeded in reaching Charleston just as the army arrived, and, I assure you, he and the potatoes met with a hearty reception.

The troops remaining at Knoxville, London and Strawberry Plains, as also those in hospital, have been well supplied with vegetables, and the hospitals with fruit and other delicacies.

The garden of from seventy-five to a hundred acres, is progressing finely under the supervision of Mr. Culbertson. I left Mr. J. H. Milliken, a faithful and judicious man, assisted by two detailed men, in charge of the store at Knoxville. Mr. Crary is, for the present, at the front, rendering good assistance in that great field of labor in the Georgia campaign.

I proceeded to the front and remained with the army, rendering such assistance as was in my power, until after the battle of Resaca, when I was severely attacked with dysentery. After controlling the disease for three days, I was reluctantly compelled to abandon the field. I returned to Nashville, when I was confined for more than a week to my room, receiving from the members of the Commission there the most cordial sympathy and attention. I am happy to state that my health is now rapidly improving.

I have deemed it not within my province to enter into details of the working of the Commission at the front, it being in the department of Dr. Read, from whom you will undoubtedly have full particulars. Suffice it to say, that no intelligent and candid observer can say otherwise than that the Sanitary Commission has been to that army everything that a reasonable person could expect. There undoubtedly have been individual cases which the Commission has not reached. But that the great mass of our noble sick and wounded men have received bountifully of the munificent gift of our generous people, no one can in justice deny.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. Way writes from Vicksburg May 30:

Since the Red River expedition returned we have issued vegetables to the whole command, at the rate of one barrel to sixty men, which took all we had on hand. Since then we have received 250 bbls. and 75 sacks of potatoes, 50 bbls. of pickles, mostly pickled potatoes, and 25 kegs of assorted pickles.

I have just received a request from Surgeon Lace, Surgeon-in-Chief at Natchez, for Sanitary Stores. I immediately turned over to the Quartermaster ten sacks of potatoes, which held about a barrel each, and fifteen barrels of pickles, consigning them to the surgeon-in-chief.

Yesterday's mail brought me a notification from Mr. Shipman of the shipment of 200 bbls. and 500 sacks of potatoes, 50 bbls. and 20 kegs of pickles, 6 bbls. of eggs, 2

boxes of sheets, 2 boxes of butter, 7 boxes of dried fruit, 7 boxes of horseradish, and 1 keg of butter. All will come in good time.

I have issued freely of all the stores we had to the Red River expedition, as I thought the men were very needy. I now have vegetables enough to make another issue to the troops here, and expect to do so, for they will keep but a short time, it is so very warm. We are having much warmer weather than at this time last year.

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Summary of Shipment of Supplies from Chicago made June 10, 1864, to Gen. Sherman's Army.

4,580 lbs. bandages and compresses.	760 doz. eggs.
6 bed sacks.	1,587 lbs. butter.
12 body wrappers.	5 galls. horse radish.
79 comforts.	324 lbs. green tea.
422 prs. drawers.	40 lbs. dried beef.
67 dressing gowns.	10,000 lbs. codfish.
1155 handk'fs and towels.	944 lbs. crushed sugar,
463 pads.	1,507 lbs. best brown sugar.
239 pillows.	50 lbs. cheese.
495 pillow cases.	40 lbs. herbs.
233 sheets,	80 lbs. candles,
1,009 shirts.	15 lbs. soap.
62 pairs slippers.	24 bots. spirits camphor.
151 " socks.	181 " domestic wine.
1 package pin cushions.	24 " bay rum.
1,043 lbs. barley.	120 " raspberry vinegar.
45 lbs. corn meal.	20 bbls. ale.
473 lbs. corn starch.	50 half bbls. ale.
550 lbs. farina.	324 bots. whiskey.
2,000 lbs. corn grits.	124 " catawba.
2,385 lbs. dried fruit, asstd.	2 washing machines.
735 lbs. dried peaches.	2 wringers.
3,188 lbs. dried apples.	21 doz. tea spoons.
1,793 lbs. dried blackberries.	2 cork screws.
1,028 lbs. prunes.	5 reams letter paper.
100 lbs. tamarinds.	5,000 envelopes.
5 gallons plum butter.	6 gross pens.
180 cans canned fruit.	1 gross pen holders.
10 boxes lemons.	12 doz. fine combs.
120 lbs. cider jelly.	36 doz. coarse combs.
3,754 lbs. Boston crackers.	6 doz. bottles ink.
17,666 lbs. soda "	1 doz. Lanterns.
1,731 bushels potatoes.	1 doz. candlesticks.
1,175 galls. pickles.	500 3 cent postage stamps.
	120 cans cove oysters.

RELIEF WORK AT PORT ROYAL.

PORT ROYAL, VA., *May* 28, 1864.

Mr. Anderson reports:

I hardly know when I wrote to you last, what I said, what I did'nt say, or what remains to be said; things have been in such a brilliantly unsettled condition, expectations of sudden movements have been so strong, and uncertainties have been so abounding, that we have had a grand combination of the perplexities of establishing a base, those of breaking up a base, and those of doubt as to whether we should do either. You can fancy how much time one would have to write, and, not having written, how difficult it is to recall and systematise the varied events and doubts of each day. Bloor and Dr. Harris would have posted you, up to their departure. Dr. Harris arrived from Fredericksburg, Tuesday noon, as did Capt. Evans, in charge of Mr. Fay's Corps. They were a godsend, as the men whom I had organized under Mr. Thompson, were worn down by twenty-four hours steady labor, in feeding the wounded. Mr. Thompson's men were immediately relieved; and since then regular watches have been kept.

About 4 P. M., the Kent returned with Dr. Douglas, Mr. Fay, and all the Fredericksburg party, except Harris's train.

We had long and free interchanges of news and plans; and, as I could not well change your instructions, I retained the nominal charge of this as the water-base, but you must distinctly understand that whatever of success may attend our movements and operations is to be, in the far larger degree, ascribed to the experience, skill and maturity of Dr. D—— and Mr. F. All the feeding department was assigned unreservedly to Mr. Fay, and Mr. Thompson was instructed to report to him. Dr. Douglas, with his thorough willingness, does everything in and out of his general line that he can best do; and we hold council of war unceasingly. All day Friday we fed and issued supplies to the wounded without stint. All the departments have treated us with a cordiality—and more than cordiality—a willing confidence and cheer, that makes one quite buoyant in approaching them, and working with them. Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Phillips, the representative of Dr. McParlan, at this post, and Dr. McKay, have been especially obliging; and Dr. Cuyler on finding us so diligently at work, said to me to draw on him for any and everything. He lent us stoves, cauldrons, &c., furnished beef stock, coffee and milk, and facilitated our operations in all proper ways, giving us information of the arrival of trains, &c., freely and promptly.

* * * *

The journals have been kept up, and when there is time we will return to you full account of the feeding and burial departments—and indeed of all. I have no idea how many meals were given; but every wounded man, officers of trains, teamsters, in fact the army generally patronized us. The Commissary's small issuing boat, was not issuing for the first day or two, and in addition to supplying some of the quartermaster's and other messes, we had literally to take care of hundreds. They were brethen of our common cause in distress, and I treated them accordingly, as far as our supplies would permit. On the evening of Friday, the tug Curtin arrived with the Kennedy, and shortly after the Hoboken loomed up through the air. All apprehension of running short was removed—and except fears for Harris's safety, were in good position, and the same evening brought Mr. Briggs, and Dr. McMartee, of California—the former of whom I knew well in that State.

* * * *

I also took them up to the feeding station where six 60-gallon cauldrons, one stove and one large fireplace were turning out soup,

coffee, tea, farina, pork, &c.; some of the cauldrons had been filled four times that forenoon. Three times would, perhaps, be an average—giving 1,080 gallons of edibles. A train having arrived—at Dr. Douglas's request, I got it a good camp ground, and then a large party of us fed the wounded—our Californians seeing and doing regular work. It was 3 A. M. before we got done.

Saturday was spent in getting everything ready for the movement. Mr. Fay took charge of his establishment, also of determining whom we should take and who not.

* * * *

We are anchored at the mouth, and hope to start for Yorktown at 1 A. M. Ought to reach White House or the new base by 4 P. M., Monday. You can rely upon our being in among the first. Did I tell you that Harris arrived last night with all his train safe and sound. He was very tired, and had had a hard time. He rests to-day, and leaves to-morrow with the trains for White House, under escort of 2,000 or 3,000 strong.

* * * *

He has just brought in twenty-eight wagons loaded with stores, worth many thousands of dollars, and that, too, from a difficult region. Those that know his previous history, very well know that not once nor twice, but many times, he has risen superior to the emergency, and gotten supplies through, under great hazard.

THE ARMY SURGEONS.

The strong testimony borne to the character and qualifications of the Army Surgeons, by Mr. Bloor, in the admirable letters which we publish on another page, reminds us how strong and widely diffused is the prejudice against them. We have left nothing in our power undone to refute it, by the diffusion of the strong testimony on the other side which daily reaches us from our agents. And, in view of the tremendous responsibilities which are at this moment pressing upon the Army Surgeons, we think it may not be amiss to take this opportunity of republishing what one of their number, Surgeon Beach, of the 40th Regiment Ohio Volunteers, said on their behalf, before the Medical Society of General Granger's Army, nearly a year ago.

The character of army surgeons has been so misrepresented, and so misunderstood by the public, away from the scene of their labors, that a word from one of their number may be considered an apology for their shortcomings; but, notwithstanding this, I propose briefly to sketch their character as it is understood, and *as it is.*

No reader of the Northern daily papers during the last year can be ignorant of the opinion generally entertained of army surgeons, and of the management of the medical department of the army. Inefficiency, gross carelessness, heartlessness and dissipation are intimately associated in the minds of the Northern public with the medical officers of the army. Doubtless each surgeon has a circle of friends who exonerate *him* from these charges; but, as a body, this is the character attached to us by our Northern friends.

It may not be uninteresting to inquire, for a moment, what causes have led to this state of public opinion. First among the causes we will place the fact that in our vast armies large numbers die from disease. The public knows that four thousand of our soldiers are buried at Nashville; that ten thousand have found a final resting-place on the banks of the Mississippi; that twenty thousand more have sickened and died in our armies in Virginia; and at every place occupied by our troops the green hillock and narrow board alone tell of some friend who went out from the home circle but recently. Without knowing, or without stopping to consider, if the ratio of deaths be less or greater in our armies than in others, this large mortality is associated in the minds of the public with want of capacity, or want of attention on the part of surgeons.

Another fact is, individual cases in which there has been apparent neglect, and which from want of proper explanation are given as positive evidence of the heartlessness of our profession. As an example, an intimate friend of mine was wounded at Richmond, Ky., and died in hospital at Danville. "He died alone at night." I knew nothing of the circumstances attending his death, only that somebody wrote to his wife that the nurses found him dead in his bed, and nothing can ever eradicate from her mind the belief that he was totally neglected, and that the surgeons and hospital attendants were brutes. A case came under my own observation a few weeks since which, if reported without explanation, would cause the same feelings in the minds of friends as did the case above mentioned. Stopping temporarily at a large hospital in Kentucky, the surgeon invited me, late at night, to see two cases with him, both of whom were in a critical condition. We entered the ward, and stopped at the bed-side of patient No. 1. An examination and the opening of a large abscess probably occupied five minutes, and during those five minutes the only two nurses on duty at that time were required in attendance on the surgeon. Immediately after the operation, while the surgeon was absent from the room cleansing his

hands, I walked leisurely around the room, and stopped at the bed-side of patient No. 2. The man was dead. He had died "alone and at night."

In addition to these and similar cases, distorted facts, are the monstrous fabrications of the newspaper correspondents, which, more than all other causes combined, contribute to the character we sustain at home. It is but charitable to suppose that these gentlemen have some foundation in fact for their statements. It is scarcely credible that they would deliberately manufacture sensational letters of this kind, unless they had a grain of truth to fall back upon. We take it for granted, then, that they do not willfully trifle with a subject so intimately mixed with all the finer feelings of our nature, but that they take one case as a type of the whole. Adopt this rule, and how easily may injustice be done to our profession.

I remember distinctly the impression made in a community where I resided, a year since, by the statement of a Cairo letter-writer. The letter was a scathing article on the surgeons and the bad management of the hospitals at some point in the West; and among other statements that left the reader to dream of untold horrors, was one that a "patient in the last agony called the surgeon to him, raised himself in bed, struck the surgeon with all his force, and with a smile of content upon his face sank back and died." This was given as evidence of the feeling engendered by the brutality of surgeons. Now, supposing this incident really occurred, which is not at all probable, is it just that the act of a delirious man should be cited as an index of the feelings generally entertained by the patients in our hospitals toward their surgeons?

Another cause of this misunderstanding of our *true* character is found in the letters home of a certain class of patients, both in hospitals and out. They are chronic grumblers; disappointed applicants for a discharge or furlough; men who see only the surgeon between them and the accomplishment of their ends. I have very frequently been approached by this class of soldiers, and been told that their "doctors" paid no attention to the sick men; that "they would see a sick man die rather than to discharge him, or let him go home on a sick furlough." How much weight should be given such testimony?

And again: People of the North think they have the evidence of their own senses, and that they cannot be mistaken in the fact that army surgeons are careless, indifferent and heartless. A great many visit our large general hospitals, and of course find their sick friends very differently situated from what they would be at home. They find them in large wards, containing perhaps one hundred patients. Of this number, some are reading, some writing, others engaged in cheerful conversation; while, perhaps, the friend so anxiously sought for is dying. The whole scene is so different from anything they ever associated with the sick chamber, that they go away with painful impressions. Such, doubtless, would be the feelings of many upon visiting our elegant hospitals in Nashville; and how much more would their sensibilities be shocked could they visit some regimental hospitals, far away from sanitary supplies, and where the hospital supplies of bedding, etc., were insufficient for the proper accommodation of the sick. They would find them in rude bunks filled with straw, their bedding, their blankets, and with their knapsacks for their pillows. They would forget that the sick had the benefit of pure air, attentive nurses, and the best food that could be procured for them; they would forget that the sick themselves were contented; and would go away with the impression that this was horrible treatment of sick men, and that the surgeon in some way was responsible for it.

Such, gentlemen, I imagine, are some of the causes giving rise to the not very enviable reputation we sustain at home.

Before defining what I take to be the real character of army surgeons, we will inquire what character they might, *a priori*, be expected to sustain. In Ohio, and I believe in nearly all of the States, no physician can receive a commission as surgeon until he has passed a satisfactory examination by a competent board. To be admitted to this examination, the applicant must not only have graduated in medicine, but he must bring certificates that he has sustained himself creditably for a certain number of years as a practitioner, and that he is of good moral character. These conditions, if observed—and I believe they are, as a rule—offer almost perfect security to the public that no considerable number of army surgeons enter the service inefficient or dissipated. Ought we not to expect from a body of men who enter the army only on the presumption that they are of liberal education, skill in their profession, and of good moral standing in the communities in which they have lived, using industry and a conscientious attention to the responsible duties assigned them? Most assuredly: and such, I am convinced, is the character we sustain with those acquainted with all the facts connected with our position in the army.

My own term of service in the army extends through the past year. During that time I have been associated with the medical officers of the troops in Eastern Kentucky, those collected at Gallipolis, Ohio, last September, and more recently in Tennessee. And among them all I have met

with but one drunken surgeon, and but few who were not making use of all the means in their power to prevent disease and restore health. I have visited many hospitals where there was a lack of many things for the comfort of the sick, but none where the surgeons were careless or unkind.

I confess, gentlemen, that when ordered to this department I expected to find disorder and confusion—not from want of capacity or honesty on the part of surgeons, but as a necessary feature of a large army. I expected to find some grounds for the clamor against army surgeons in the want of accommodations for the large number of sick in the Army of the Cumberland. But in this I was disappointed. Instead of finding crowded and poorly furnished hospitals in Nashville, I found them arranged on the most magnificent scale, fitted up with every comfort, and in a style that is thought luxurious by soldiers accustomed to camp life. During a stay of some days in Nashville I visited many of the hospitals, and for my own satisfaction inquired of the many acquaintances I found there among the patients how they were treated; and the answer invariably was, "We are treated well; surgeons and nurses are very attentive."

Another grave charge against the surgeon is, the using for his own comfort and to gratify his own appetite the delicacies, etc., furnished by friends at home to the sick soldier! This charge is as void of foundation in fact as the charge of drunkenness and brutality, and arises from a want of correct knowledge of the manner such things are distributed to the sick. Through the agency of the Sanitary Commission these things are distributed to the various general and regimental hospitals, where they are served out to the men as the judgment of the surgeon would direct; the men consume them without knowing where they come from. In after correspondence with their friends the soldier is asked, "Did you get the box of" something? The answer is "No"—when the fact is, he had consumed it, if it was of suitable nature for him in his condition: and if not, he had used of some other soldiers' delicacies, while they had used his. All the potatoes, onions, dried applies, etc., used in this great army at this time, are not from the quartermaster, but from the Sanitary Commission, which is to the sick soldier as the good Samaritan to "him who fell among thieves."

The duties of the army surgeon are so many and various that it is impossible to more than mention them here. The surgeon who only attends to the sick and wounded of his command, and thinks he has done his whole duty, has a very imperfect knowledge of his obligations.

The first and most important duty of the surgeon is, to prevent disease; curing it is a secondary matter. The surgeon who prevents disease by a careful study of the causes operating to produce it, and who takes steps to remove these influences, is much more deserving of credit than he who thinks only of curing. In the discharge of this duty it often becomes necessary to change the locality of the camp, to make changes in the cooking and habits of the men, to enforce what seems to them a rigid system of cleanliness of their persons, the tents and entire camp—and in doing these things we are frequently brought into unpleasant collision with our officers. It is not every military commander that understands the laws of hygiene, or who has the leisure or inclination to study them very carefully; and the number is equally small who do not regard those surgeons who are always making changes and suggestions troublesome at least. Doubtless every surgeon present has at some time in his experience met with opposition from his commanding officer, or at least had his suggestions treated with an indifference almost insulting to himself. I acknowledge that I do not know exactly where our authority stops, or rather begins, in this matter; but I think I know what our duty is—and that is, never to yield a point that involves the health of the men under our charge.

One word as to our duty to the men themselves, and I am done. There is much in our daily routine of duties, and in our relative position to the men, calculated to make us abrupt in our treatment of them, unless we guard against it. We should treat a sick soldier with the same courtesy, and give the same attention to his complaints, that we would to a sick citizen. In the daily examination of three or four score of men we meet with a few humbugs—men who are trying to avoid duty by getting on the sick list. These old soldiers may be dismissed in a manner the circumstances may seem to require. But the soldier who is sick, or who thinks he is, is deserving of a careful examination that will allow us to prescribe understandingly, and not that hasty disposal of the case that I know I am sometimes guilty of myself, and which must be bitterly felt by a patient whose feelings are at all sensitive.

HOSPITAL CLOTHING.

Correction.—In the pattern for *Flannel Shirt* in No. 13 of the BULLETIN, the slope for the neck in "Half of Back" should be *one inch* instead of *three inches*, as given.

The drawing of the diagram for "Half of Sleeve" is erroneous as regards the slope at the top of sleeve. The *dimensions* as given, are, however, correct. Also, this sleeve should be faced at the wrist with *flannel* instead of silesia. In cutting sleeves, put the wrist of one against the wrist of another, and the long triangular

piece of flannel left at the side will cut a collar. Wrist facings, by joining in the middle, can be cut off the pieces cut out of the front of the shirt in arm size.

SCENES IN FREDERICKSBURG.

FRIDAY, *May* 20, 1864.

DEAR MRS. ——You have, I suppose, by this time, received the duplicate of a letter I wrote some days ago to one of the Commission's supply correspondents, giving an account of a trip I had just made to Belle Plain, with reference to the relief work of the Commission in the field.

I left Washington again on Tuesday morning, and getting to Belle Plain in company with Mrs. Gibbons, (of army hospital fame,) and of Rev. Mr. Channing, of Washington, and others; and there, in their company, feeding and ministering to the ghastly crowds that were lifted out of the constantly-arriving ambulance trains into the boats assigned to convey them to the hospitals in Washington, I passed to the hospital tents "on the hill"—a little way from the dock—two long parallel rows of them, commencing on the side with the kitchen and feeding lodge of the Commission, whence they were without trouble constantly supplied with hot coffee and beef tea, iced water and lemonade, milk punch, wines and stimulants, farina, and whatever else in the way of prepared sustenance was needed. Bedding, clothing, sponges, towelling, bandages, lint, utensils of all kinds and whatever else is required in a sick tent, were bountifully dispensed by Mr. Knapp—of long experience in the Peninsular campaign and elsewhere in similar work—and his assistants, from the store barge, a few yards off, alongside the dock—which barge is continually replenished by steamers from Washington to the amount of some fifty tons a day. The steamer on which our people principally relied during the Peninsular campaign, (the Elizabeth,) has become a household word among sanitarians, and I may therefore mention that, (true to all the experience of the Commission,) whether as regards the intelligent collectors and forwarders, or the inanimate vehicles of supplies, that the feminine element is their main support? The name of our new boat is the Mary S. Rapley.

It was an hour or two after midnight before I had gone the rounds of the hospitals, and then I had the satisfaction of seeing most of the inmates comfortably sleeping—after the refreshment of having their hunger and their thirst assuaged, their wounds dressed, and above all, perhaps, the cessation from their horrible journey over the rutty hills, and interlying quagmires between the battle-fields and their present place of rest. By six o'clock the next morning, (after a night mainly occupied, so far as I was concerned, in strenuous efforts to go to sleep in the midst of the hubbub, and in involuntary listening to the extraordinary remarks of the contrabands, who kept up a constant stream of boxes, barrels, conversation and guffaws past the place where I lay on deck,) we began the journey to Fredericksburg ourselves in empty returning ambulances, and as the hours and our bruises increased we had an opportunity of testing the probable feelings of wounded men undergoing such an ordeal. But the fault is in the roads, not the vehicles. I think the four-wheeled ambulances as good a compromise as possible between the conditions desirable for wounded men, and the impossibility of using lighter-springed wagons over army roads.

Arriving at Fredericksburg in the middle of the day, we found it one vast hospital. Its principal street is some mile or more in length, with several parallel and a number of cross streets, and nine out of ten of the houses and shops, and all the churches and public buildings that are not demolished by shell or riddled by bullets, are filled with wounded men. Even the store occupied by the "Embalmers of the dead," has many living subjects among the dead ones; though accustomed as they are to death on every side, the patients do not consider the proximity in such an unfavorable light as civilians would. A few doors from the house in which Washington's early days were passed, (and the garden of which was, I presume, the scene of the cutting of the fruit-tree by his juvenile hatchet,) Dr. Douglas, Chief of Inspection of the Commission, and the volunteer ladies and gentlemen who so zealously assist in the good work, have their quarters, and thither on the day I was there, a number of patients,

requiring the constant supervision of some of them had been removed. Through the open windows of the rear rooms float the odors of the flowers of early summer to the patients within, and those whose cool pallets are in the wide hall, with its old-fashioned panelling of wood meeting the wooden-black cornice of the ceiling, look out through the open back-door upon a wilderness of roses—a large basket full of which has just been distributed to the poor fellows throughout the town—most of them grasping at them more eagerly than at the milk-punch—by one of the kind hearted gentlemen of our party. If their time were not so much more valuable by the side of the impromptu cooking affairs and couches they have evoked from chaos, the roses should of course have been presented by the ladies—but at all events, they came originally from a lady: not one of "our" women, but the owner of the house—a widowed gentlewoman, who sighs that such evil days should have fallen on the close of her eighty years' pilgrimage—and, like Washington's mother, thinks that it may, perhaps, be a good thing to be a great general, but that for her part she thinks that Lee and Grant had both much better be at home attending to their farms than engaged in such dreadful doings. The North and South have lived in peace all these years, and why can't they continue to do so? What dreadful things she could tell me of the division of families caused by this wicked war. So and So has two sons in the Confederate army and two in the Federal. Such a happy family they were once, and now trying to take each other's life; and for her part she had been stripped of almost every thing. The houses and stores in the town from which she derived her income, have been destroyed, or are appropriated to their own uses, without payment, now by one army and now by the other. I heard similar talk in Culpepper while our army held it, and one hears it every where throughout the border States; and it is only here that the full horrors of this cruel war can be appreciated. It is impossible—as I think it would be unnatural—for the majority of the old people either North or South, to take the partizan view which is necessarily, for the purposes of Providence, taken by the young and middle-aged in the two contending sections.

Round the corner from the poor old lady's house is the store-house of the Commission, besieged every day on the arrival of our wagon loads of supplies—generally some twenty—from the base, with such crowds as compel an officer of the Commission to enter by the back way, if he wants to get in without waiting for an hour or two. Next door to this is a large store used as a hospital by one of our volunteer ladies; and at the back of both, conveniently accessible to both supplies and patients, is the tent she uses as a cook-house. A door or two off is a shop used as an office by the Relief Force, of which there are at present distributed throughout the army of the Potomac some two hundred members, under the superintendence of Mr. Fay, of Massachusetts, a volunteer throughout the war in such work. Several other ladies and a number of physicians from civil life have charge of hospitals in different parts of the town under the auspices of the Commission; and the Relief Agents zealously assist them in their labors, which are herculean, as each fresh train of ambulances arrives from the field, and in those hospitals where the Government supply of surgeons is generally equal to the demand on their skill, they still continue such ministrations as may be carried on without medical co-operation, and these are many.

We are in one of the church hospitals, we will suppose. The pews are set two together, and the backs taken off when necessary, to form couches for the patients. The vestry is turned into an operating room. In one corner of the church is a good woman who has not quitted the half-delirious patient whose brow she is bathing with bay water for one hour in the last twenty. The altar is put to one side, and in its place two pews cradle a young boy who does not seem to be over fifteen years old. He was brought in it was supposed in a dying condition; but the good Samaritan who is just directing to the far West a letter he has written to the boy's mother at his dictation, has, with his good things and better words, brought such a light into the boy's eyes that he expresses the utmost confidence that he will be able to write to

his mother himself the next day, and tell her that he is safe from the effects of this wound, and ask her to pray that he may be spared in future battles, and rejoin her and his sisters and brothers in their happy Wisconsin home "when his time is out."

Further down the town and not far from the unfinished tomb of Washington's mother, standing ostensibly as a monument to her worth, but practically as a monument to the genius of the universal Yankee nation for chipping and whittling, is a large old-fashioned mansion, rich in pannelled wainscoating, carved wooden chimneys, plaster arabesque ceilings and tablets, and landscaped wall paper; and in one of its rooms lies a gray-haired man, looking dreamily out through the open window by which his pallet is set, on a beautiful lawn thickly shaded with fine old trees, which slope down to the swampy meadow and heights beyond, which drank up so much precious blood in the terrible charge of December, 1862. Perhaps the fair scene before him is like that on which he has so often looked from the porch of his quiet house in his far off little Vermont farm. But he will never look on it again—at least, with his earthly eyes. He will never again look at the rising of the sun, which is now with its setting beams gilding the tree-tops and falling through them, checkered with waving shadows on the lawn beneath. The wound from which most of his life blood has flowed, has left him white and weak, but it does not pain him: so he looks quietly round, thanking one for having written his last letter to his "folks;" another for shading his eyes from the sun with the fan which, until complaining of the cold creeping over him has been used to cool him; and another for offering the further assistance which he does not need. He is only a sergeant, but "had as lief be a private in such a cause." He was a deacon in his town, and "done the biggest part in getting up a company" from it, the captaincy of which was offered him; but he thought he hadn't "edication" enough to do the "writin' part of the business," and declined. But, thank God, he had "edicated" his sons, and one of them who had entered the company with himself had been promoted, grade after grade, from the corporalship to the captaincy. His wife had dissuaded him from "jining" the army at that time—but after the Peninsular campaign, "he couldn't stand it no longer—had helped to get up another regiment in his township, and now here he was. Well, he was satisfied he was in the Lord's hands, and he would die in the faith that the Lord would stand by the Union and the stars and stripes to the end. He hadn't a speck of doubt about it." He'd like to know if his son, the Captain, whose regiment had been in the fight with his own, was still alive, but he couldn't find out; and he would give all he was worth to see his wife and daughter once more; but he had always told them to prepare for this, and hoped the Lord would give them strength to bear the news.

I had intended to tell you of many other incidents which would interest you, but time fails. A mail carrier is about to take his chance of rebel scouts and guerrillas, and this will go with him. If you get it, I will ask you to return me a copy when I let you know that I have got back to Washington.

I left Fredericksburg yesterday morning by daybreak, and am now seated a few rods from the head-quarters of Grant and Meade, in front of the tent of a hospitable young officer from your city. At this time yesterday, the woods around reverberated with the cannonading and musketry of the fight on the right of our line, between Gen. Tyler's Division and the enemy, and to-day, the surgeons have been busy with several hundred wounded men. Another letter, either to yourself, or in copy, when I get back to Washington, will tell you something more of what I have seen.

—

In Bivouac, near the North Anna River, Va., *May* 24, 1864.

My last letter gave an account of the way in which I "assisted," as the French would say, at the fight between the forces of Gen. Warren, of the 5th corps, with the help of part of the 6th, and the rebel Gen. Hill, on the evening of yesterday, the 23d inst. After our day-break breakfast the next morning I made my way to the hospitals, which had been established while the engagement was going on in an open grassy space, interspersed with bushes and young trees, and skirting the road which crossed the North Anna River about a mile and a

quarter (I should think) ahead. They consisted of a number of good-sized tents, spread with pine boughs, and scattered about the grounds were the operating tables, portable dispensaries, &c. I met a number of the wounded men I had helped along the night before, and was glad to hear many of them express their appreciation of the kindness and care with which they had been attended to by the surgeons. These latter had been up all night, but there was as yet no relaxation to their labors, for the ambulances were still coming in with the wounded. I do not know that I shall have a better opportunity than the present, and I desire therefore to record here my conviction, in opposition I think to the general impression in the community, and particularly to the female portion of it, that there is nowhere to be found a body of men, who, as a class, are more untiring, devoted and self-sacrificing in the discharge of duties—the most responsible, exacting and exhausting—than army surgeons. There are exceptions, too many of which I have encountered in an official intercourse with them of three years standing; but during that time my estimate of them as a body has steadily increased, and this my last experience with them in the field has confirmed and heightened all my previous good impressions. I take pleasure as a non-medical man, in expressing emphatically my opinion as to the high standard of mental and moral qualities they apply to their professional duties—(without being competent to judge of their professional qualities pure and simple)—the more so because my official correspondence has shown me how much they have been suspected and undervalued by the home-staying community—while in general culture they compare most favorably with any class of officers in the army.

Thanks to the untiring zeal of the surgeons and their assistants, and to their being well stocked in the field with Governmental medical supplies, those of the patients who had been already operated upon were lying on the fresh, soft fragrant pine boughs, with which the tents were thickly strewn, in a condition of tolerable comfort—those at least whose wounds admit of any comfort, and fortunately, where well cared for, these are the majority. Well washed, and dressed in clean shirt and drawers—every one marked with the "U. S. Sanitary Commission" stamps, for the lack of these was one of the gaps we had bridged over—and many of them enjoying their pipes or cigars, and chatting over their experience in the "imminent deadly breach" of the evening before—the scene of the whole, however terrible, was not altogether unrelieved in parts. It is amusing to see the affection they bear for their pipes. One man I saw seriously wounded in most of his limbs, lifted out of one of the ambulances that had just arrived. His first thought was for his pipe, but he had no hand in which to carry it, so he desired it to be put in his mouth, and carrying it between his lips was himself borne to the operating table.

One young lad I found reading a hymn book, which he said had probably saved his life the night before. It was in his waistcoat pocket during the engagement, and a minié ball, which would otherwise have gone into his breast, had glanced against its cover and fallen to the bottom of his pocket. He showed me the ball with much satisfaction, and told me he hoped he should live to get back to Wisconsin and show it to his mother, who had given him the hymn book. He had, however, a few minutes before been shot in the leg. A man lying with one of his arms off next the narrator, was very anxious that I should provide him also with a hymn book, but whether he was influenced most by pity or by prudence, I shall not pretend to say. There was one young fellow from your section of country—though I cannot recall the name of the town or village he mentioned—he was severely but not painfully wounded, who seeing some clean linen rag which one of the doctors had left on the ground a little distance off, asked me to tear him off a piece that would serve him as a pocket handkerchief. Thinking the surgeon might have set apart the linen for some special purpose, and preferring in any case to give him a *bona fide* handkerchief, if I had one left, I felt in my pocket and there at its bottom was the last of my small store. It was rather a nice affair, the cambric not of the finest, but with

quite a stylish border round its edge, and he pronounced it "bully" as I handed it to him. The outside fold had, as usual, the Commission's stamp, but it soon appeared that there was still another mark on it, for he had scarcely unfolded it, and held it out for an admiring inspection, before he uttered quite a shriek of delight, and asked me if I knew his folks at home, and if they had given me the handkerchief to hand to him. It appeared that besides our mark, there was worked in thread the name of a relief society in his native place, and he gave sundry reasons for his positive assertion that the marking must have been done by none other than his little sister Lizzie. Without perhaps fully appreciating his arguments, I saw no good reason for disturbing his impression, and left him quite happy in its indulgence.

Passing from one tent to another, I found a Chaplain standing by two stretchers, the occupant of each lying, with stiff outstretched limbs, and the quiet upturned face covered with the blanket, which was now to serve as a winding sheet. Another Chaplain appeared in a moment, with two men bearing another stretcher, the corpse covered with the old grey overcoat which had shielded him from so many storms, and served him so often for blanket or pillow. The bearers pick up the stretcher, and they, the two Chaplains, and myself, are all that follow the warriors to their grave. A few paces off, in a little space between two clumps of bushes and saplings, the wide grave is being dug—there is but one for the three comrades in battle and death—by the three men, who take their turn in digging and resting beneath the burning rays of the unclouded overpowering sun. It is evidently a matter of pride and conscience with them to dig deep and make, as one terms it, "a handsome grave." Their oaths and rough talk are silenced. The youngest of them, rather a smart young sergeant, is obviously bent on making a good impression on the chaplains, and talks somewhat learnedly and sentimentally on the way in which they must have received their wounds, and on our all having to come to this, on the field or in our beds, he does not see that it makes much difference—but he talks quietly and soon stops, working steadily with the others, who have nothing to say except to interchange some undertoned remark as to the earth being loose in this spot, or a stone being in the way there. Just as they are giving the finishing strokes, some one hurries up, claims one of the bodies to be sent home to his friends, and the two men with him carry it off. The diggers agree to leave a third of the space unfilled with soil for some other body—"there will be a many graves wanted through the day"—they leap up from the grave and tell the chaplains it is ready, then lean on their spades and uncover their heads. We also uncover, and one of the chaplains reads aloud from his little pocket bible, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept—for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead," and the rest of the chapter. He is followed by the other chaplain in a short address, followed by a prayer, then the uncoffined forms are lowered, the fresh earth covers them more closely, (and more kindly it seems to me,) than a wooden box would—the empty space left by their side for whoever shall come next,—wooden boards inscribed with their names, companies and regiments, are placed at their heads, and there we leave them to their long rest, one wrapped in his blanket, while the other—

> "Lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> "With his martial cloak around him."

Coming out of the inclosure, I stopped to talk to several of a crowd—some three hundred—of rebel prisoners, who stood or sat in two groups under guard—some of them in great trepidation lest the shells sent by their own people should reach them. (The shelling and musketry, but more especially the cannonading, goes on, more or less, all the time.) One of them was a South Carolina Colonel, named Brown, I am told, who sat on the ground whittling a piece of stick with his penknife, which induced a fat officer who stood over him, and probably resented the cutting down from its maximum proportions of even a piece of wood, to inform him that he would certainly be taken for a Yankee if he persisted in whittling. The Colonel only grinned, however, and went

on paring; perhaps, beginning to entertain the idea that worse things might befall him than to be taken for a Yankee. One of them, an innocent looking, mild eyed young lad—as many of them are—is the son of the woman who lives in the log-cabin by the side of which I am now writing, and is now, therefore, a prisoner within a few yards of his mothers' house. The poor woman has been to see him and declares, with many tears, that he was led away by his neighbors against her entreaties. Her trouble is shared by the boy's grandfather, and by several young sisters, very pretty and delicate looking, notwithstanding that they have no shoes, and wear such uncrinolined gowns of striped home-made stuff as a Biddy would scorn to use for scrubbing cloth in the North, and live in a cabin of two rooms, log-ceiled, and log-walled inside as well as outside, and hardly anything in it but an old wardrobe, a ricketty table, a couple of beds, with the inevitable counterpane of checkered stuff, and equally inevitable spinning-wheel.

An ambulance train, loaded with wounded, leaves here probably this afternoon for Fredericksburg or Port Royal, whichever way is most free from guerrillas—and by this, if it goes, I shall seek an outlet from the field—but I shall trust this to headquarters' mail-bag rather than carry it myself to Washington, for I think it likely it will thus pass through there on its way to you sooner than I shall reach the place.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

ALFRED J. BLOOR,
Assistant Secretary.

LETTER WRITING IN CAMP.

A special aid strolling about the extensive grounds occupied by the hospitals, finds many duties presenting themselves, of a different character from the nursing and feeding which most pertain to his office; his badge brings him many a call from those who, far from home and friends, want to send "line" to those; for one he will write a letter, to another furnish mail facilities for a letter already written; another has gone so far as to indite as well as he can his messages of love to those at home, and wants it directed in a more legible hand; another wants a sheet of paper and an envelope. It is an important part of our duties in the hospitals to attend to the correspondence of the sick and wounded, and many a touching message are we called upon to convey. I was impressed by the simple honesty and prudence of a private who was lying in one of the tents, sick with a dangerous disease; I asked him if I should say to his wife that he was better? "No," said he, "don't give her anything to be laying out upon." He evidently thought his disease might prove fatal, and any encouraging words would be building up, perhaps, a false hope. There is great delicacy of feeling exhibited by many of these suffering men, and often a reluctance to divulge their private griefs, in strong contrast to the "mockery of woe," not unfrequently met with among the more educated classes. Let not this secretiveness be too summarily placed to the account of insensibility; the soldier is not apt to be a man of words; he is ashamed to betray a tenderness of feeling which may appear faint-hearted; as one said to me, when I spoke of his endurance under suffering, "it does not become a soldier to complain."

A regiment of infantry from the front, after a long march of seventeen miles on a dusty road, almost without food, passing our tent saw some of the aids with the badge of the Sanitary Commission on their hats, "Ah," says one wayworn veteran, "there's the Sanitary; that's what I've been wanting to see." These poor fellows immediately wanted soft bread, and in the absence of any supply of this, were provided with Boston soft crackers, to their great relief, washing them down with the best coffee, prepared at one of the feeding stations.

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR OUR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

[From the Agriculturist.]

WHITE HOUSE, Va., *June 9th*, 1864.

[The readers will please give the entire credit of the June and July numbers of the Agriculturist to my worthy editorial associates, Prof. Thurber, Col. Weld, Mr. Fitch, and their assistants and correspondents. Five weeks ago today, I left home to personally aid for a few days in the care of the wounded. The days have lengthened to weeks, and I cannot yet consent to leave this important and interesting field of labor. I even begrudge the brief time devoted to this hasty letter, for every moment I can be in the camp gives opportunity to contribute something to the comfort of a suffering fellow. I may perhaps run home for a day or two, to attend to some important business, but with this exception, I feel it a duty, as well as the highest pleasure, to remain near the battle fields, so long as hundreds of men are almost daily struck down, and while so much can be done to allevi-

ate their sufferings. It is the more *my* duty, as my health continues very good, notwithstanding the severity of the night and day labor, the absence of regular wholesome meals, of beds, or of any of the comforts of home, or civilization even. I have so far felt none of the evil influences of these malarious regions, which seriously affect so many others. I doubt not our readers will readily excuse me for present inattention to correspondence, to business, and to the reading columns.]

My notes last month to my associates, which I see they took the liberty to print, left me at Fredericksburg. Since then we have been to Belle Plain again, to Acquia Creek, (May 22,) down the Potomac and up the Rappahannock to Port Royal, (May 25,) and to Fredericsburg again, (May 26,) to bring away the last of the wounded; back to Port Royal, then down the Rappahannock and Chesapeake, up the York River, and to this point, White House, on the Pamunkey River, where we arrived Monday, May 30, The work at these several points has been much the same, viz., the reception and care of wounded and sick, sent to the rear from the battle field. At each place, and especially at Fredericksburg and here, we have heard the almost constant roar of cannons, sometimes in too rapid succession to admit of counting the distinct discharges of the heavier guns, even, and we have almost learned to plan our work ahead for a given number of wounded, by the character and direction of the firing.

Of the character of our work, any one can judge, by thinking what would be done in a household where one of its members had been maimed by accident. How many attentions would be bestowed, how many comforts would be planned, how would the sympathies of the whole neighborhood be called forth for miles around. Here we have thousands of maimed men, some of them pierced and torn in every conceivable manner—not one in a house, but often a score or more, on the ground, under a single large tent. When soldiers are disabled, they are sent to the rear, where the surgeon performs such hasty dressing and other operations as may be most needed. As soon as circumstances allow, they are then sent to the base of supplies, in ambulances, (covered spring wagons,) or often in springless army wagons. The guerrillas that hover around the rear, make it necessary to send a strong military guard along with each train of wounded, and also preclude the attendance of civilians to feed and care for the wounded while on the way. Such help only is given as can be afforded by the drivers and the soldiers detailed to attend them. The comparatively few Sanitary Commission wagons and relief men allowed at the front, do what they can for the men before they leave the field hospitals. It is these famished, weary, hungry, often tired and fainting men, that we are trying to receive and provide for to the utmost of our ability. And God be thanked for the noble enterprise of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and for the patriotic hearts and hands that have supplied its treasury with the means for carrying abundant supplies to the points where needed. I have sent you a partial list of the stores brought to this point, which is but one of the fields of labor. I cannot begin to describe the work done. My note book, and the broader pages of memory, would furnish details enough to fill a hundred columns in the Agriculturist. A few items must suffice.

At Belle Plain a large force of men, in alternate squads, were occupied night and day, from May 10 to May 25, in feeding the men with coffee, milk punch to the fainting, soft bread and crackers, medicines, and many delicacies—in giving clothing, crutches, arm-slings, blankets, etc.; in dressing wounds, in cheering the desponding, in conversing with the dying, in writing letters for those unable to write for themselves, in receiving and forwarding letters, parcels, etc.; in short, in everyway in which they could comfort the living, and in burying those who died when thus far on their way home. The work done at that point alone, a thousand times repaid all the great and small Sanitary Fairs ever held, and all the home efforts ever put forth.

At the same time, 32 four-horse wagons were engaged in hauling supplies to the army, and especially to Fredericksburg, where the same kind of work was going on, but on a still larger scale, if possible. Central distributing stores were established, and the city was districted off, and squads of relief men assigned to each district. (The agents of the Commission accompanying the army, are called the Relief Corps, and those at the rear with the wounded, are termed the Auxiliary Relief Corps.) These latter consist partly of regularly employed men, (who are previously trained to the work of dressing wounds, preparing food for the sick, etc.,) but more largely of volunteers, who give their time and best energies freely, but who work entirely subject to the regular Auxiliary Relief Corps.

These companies, with temporary captains to direct, went from house to house in their several beats, and commenced their good work. Though numbering over one hundred and fifty, there was at one time an average of nearly fifty

for each one to look after. Those skilled in that branch, assisted in dressing wounds; others carried around and dispensed prepared foods and drinks, etc., from the sanitary stores. The memory of the hours and days occupied in this will never dim. That clean, nice flannel shirt, made perhaps by your hands, gentle reader, or at least bought with your money or work, and put in place of a blood or dirt-soiled one, by the hand that writes this, perhaps comforted a son, or brother, or relative of the maker herself. I see a pair of bare feet of a noble man stretched upon the floor, unable to raise himself up; I hasten to put upon them a pair of home-knit socks. Who knit them? Perhaps the one that reads this. Somebody knit them for somebody's son—and that is enough. Never shall I forget one pair given. A mark on them indicated the knitter's name. The soldier took them in his hands, looked them over and over again—then kissed them, hugged them to his bosom, and turning upon his side, wept. I could not stay there, to ask what were his thoughts. These hands of mine are hallowed by the hundreds of pairs of socks, the shirts, the drawers, the arms-slings, the crutches, the pillows, the ring-cushions, the slippers, etc., that they have been permitted to give to such men during five weeks past. And every hand that has helped to make these things, or helped by work, or dimes, or dollars, to buy them, is a nobler hand therefor. I wish I could give a thousandth part of the items. I have said nothing of the tens of thousands of cups of good coffee, prepared with pure milk, brought condensed in cans, and sweetened with good sugar; of other thousands of cups of tea; of milk punch when stimulants were most needed; of farina, of beef or chicken broth, which modern invention enables us to carry fresh to the field. Imagine at least a hundred persons constantly preparing and bearing these things to our sick and wounded and brave men, far from home and home comforts and care, and again with me thank God that it was put into the hearts of the people, to work in fairs and at home for our soldiers, and that you and I have been privileged to bear some part in this noblest enterprise of this or any other age. Let us keep on doing. We are in the midst of the mightiest struggle the world has ever seen. For thirty-six days an almost incessant battle has gone on, and the end is not yet. But I must hasten.

At Port Royal, Va., the same work was repeated for three days and nights. The Sanitary Commission steamer, loaded down with stores and with relief men, were on hand two hours before the first wounded man arrived, and we fed and cared for all who came in, until they were sent for from Washington, whither they were carried direct by water, in comfortable, commodious steamers.

At this point, (White House,) we arrived two days in advance of the wounded. You should see our eight distributing and feeding tents on shore, and the busy relief agents, cooking, hastening from tent to tent with pailsfull of the best nutriment, bundles of clothing, etc. Shall I speak of a single day's work of my own, in illustration? The men had for thirty-six days been away from their usual access to suttlers, or other sources of supply. I found a great eagerness for tobacco, among those accustomed to use this narcotic; the longing seemed to be intensified by their condition. Yesterday I went around with a basket on each arm, and a haversack on my neck. A rough estimate of the day's work, from the morning and evening's stock on hand, showed that I had given out writing paper and envelopes to about 700 men; pencils to 90; a large lot of newspapers sent direct to me by Mr. Felt, of Salem, Mass.; crutches, to 136 wounded below the knee, who were thus enabled to get up and move about; arm-slings to 115 wounded in the arm, (perhaps you made one of these reader;) a piece of chewing tobacco each, to about 370; smoking tobacco and matches to about 450, and pipes to 73 who had lost theirs. (A wounded man seldom brings anything from the field except what is in his pockets.) This is the only day I have attempted to keep an account of the work done. With my outfit of baskets, etc., I looked like, and was not inappropriately dubbed a "Yankee Pedler." I doubt if any other Yankee Pedler ever did a better business in one day, or one that paid a thousandth part as well. The pleasant running conversation kept up all day was cheering, to myself at least, and the "God bless yous" and cheerful "good mornings" or "good evenings" responded from every tent as I left it, was good pay. Everywhere I met others of our relief agents bearing other things, or bending over the wounded men, dressing their wounds, and literally "pouring in oil and wine." The sleep of that night was sweetened by bearing out thirty-eight nice warm new blankets to as many blanketless men whom I found, as I came from a distant part of the camping ground at a late hour in the evening. These men had been brought in after dark, and had got separated from the rest of their train. I am sure some of their lives were thus saved. I speak thus particularly of my own work because I can speak of that best. Almost two hundred others are earnestly and feelingly laboring to the utmost of

their strength in the different departments. Such is the work at White House Landing to-day. May I not neglect the Agriculturist another month, if need be?

ORANGE JUDD.

Mr. Judd adds, writing from Whitehouse, June 7:

It will be a matter of interest to the contributors to the funds, and especially to the friends of the soldiers, to know *what* is supplied by the U. S. Sanitary Commission. The following is only a partial list of the supplies on hand at this place, yesterday. They are on board of half a dozen steamers, barges and schooners in the river, and are being carried on shore, part to eight distributing tents, and part to some forty four-horse wagons, which are carrying them to the "front." There are about 100 teamsters, porters, etc., engaged in handling the stores, manning the boats, etc., and 150 or more of the hired and volunteer relief corps, engaged in distributing directly to the wounded and sick, and in dressing wounds and caring for the men otherwise. These articles are all needed; the use of most of them will be obvious to every one; others are required for tents and other work.

This list contains an assortment forwarded from the general storehouses, about in the proportion they are expected to be needed. Daily orders go off for each article of which the stock is being drawn down.

6,288 cans condensed milk.
2,612 lbs. soft crackers.
1,856 lbs. farina.
4,556 lbs. sugar,
16,207 cans tomatoes.
794 lbs. corn starch.
3,310 lbs. prep'd chocolate.
804 lbs. ground coffee.
192 lbs. extract coffee.
60 lbs. cocoa.
1,000 lbs. oat meal.
400 lbs. corn meal.
24 lbs. gelatine.
100 lbs. maccaroni.
80 lbs. arrow root.
200 lbs. rice.
180 lbs. butter.
11 bbls. flour.
447 cans peaches, (2 lb. c.)
160 cans pears, (2 lb. cans.)
160 doz. fresh eggs.
161 cans green beans.
216 cans roast chicken, 2 lb. c
500 cans roast turkey, 2 lb. c.
2,402 cans roast beef, 2 lb. c.
336 cans conds'd beef soup.
2,200 c. other canned meats.
2 bbls. hams.
516 bottles Jamaica rum.
840 bottles brandy.
600 bottles sherry wine.
1,475 bottles whiskey.
12 bottles cherry brandy.
10 gallons foreign wine.
87 gallons domestic wine.
57 bottles cider.
216 bottles alcohol.
1 package spirits.
2 bbls. molasses.
1,128 bottles ex. of ginger.
360 bot. bay rum, for bathing
166 boxes lemons.
368 bottles lemon syrup.
81 bbls. porter, in ½ bbls.
65 lbs. spices.
135 gallons tamarinds.
785 lbs. tea.
30 lbs. mutton tallow.
18 bedsteads.
907 bed ticks.
11 bales of straw.
758 pillows.
1,346 pillow cases.
312 pillow ticks.
115 mattresses.
264 chambers.
248 candlesticks.
5 large boxes cushions.
477 ring cushions.
510 sheets.
480 woolen blankets.
46 rubber blankets.
393 quilts.
50 head rests.
139 stretchers.
100 lanterns, for night work.
200 medicine cups.
48 scissors, for nurses.
776 hair combs.
419 pieces musquito net.
44 pieces old silk.
2 bales oakum, for wounds.
328 spit cups.
1,562 handkerchiefs.
3,609 towels.
2,320 tin cups.
712 tin plates.
250 tin basins.
8 large water tanks.
541 tin spoons.
115 tin buckets.
9 cooking stoves.
39 camp kettles.
192 knives and forks.
12 cheap carvers.
6 frying pans.
16 large coffee pots.
7 nutmeg graters.
12 boxes assorted tin ware.
1 hhd. assorted tin ware.
2 bbls. assorted tin ware.
50 lbs. saleratus.
30 baskets.
4,469 woolen shirts.
1,304 cotton shirts.
1,153 hospital shirts.
571 woolen drawers.
847 Canton flannel drawers.
1,945 cotton socks.
1,645 woolen socks.
893 wrappers.
733 pairs slippers.
5 boxes shoes.
1 box boots.
1 large box pants.
269 gallons pickles.
50 bbls curried cabbage.
218 bbls. saur kraut.
525 lbs. smoking tobacco.
200 lbs. cheese.
2 sacks salt.
60 wooden pails.
4 medicine boxes.
2 lbs. bromine.
60 lbs. chloroform.
1 box quinine.
1,000 camphor et opii pills.
5 bbls. chloride of lime.
15,500 envelopes.
15 reams letter paper.
1,116 lead pencils.
157 dozen pen holders.
14 gross pens.
108 bottles ink.
3 boxes assorted stationery.
420 palm fans.
29 bales hay.
12 bales straw.
400 bushels oats, for teams.
1 fire proof safe.
40 camp stools.
Large lot assorted lumber.
2 kegs nails,
10 lbs. spikes.
24 shovels.
6 axes.
12 hatchets.
2 saws.
12 hammers.
112 brooms.
24 bbls. bandages.
6 bbls. old linen.
2 bbls. home-made lint.
50 lbs. patent lint.
2 lbs. silk ligature.
196 bottles cologne.
Camphor.
11 boxes reading matter.
Large bundles newspapers.
714 arm slings.
1,400 pair crutches.
67 canes.
224 lbs. soap.
14 tents.
727 lbs. candles.
140 pads.
2 bales sponges.
2 boxes sponges.
25 lbs. sponges.
144 gross matches.
111 brooms.
100 hospital lamps.
7 large camp chests, with full assortment of everything in, for field use on the instant.
Extra harness, saddles, bridles, flags, razors, shaving brushes, marking pots, etc., etc.

HOMES AND LODGES.

CAIRO.

During the nine weeks ending June 1, the number admitted was 17,469, from 23 different states; of meals furnished, 38,892; of lodgings, 13,062; 1831 were aided in procuring transportation.

NASHVILLE.

During the five weeks ending June 4, the number admitted was 4611, from 25 different states; of meals furnished, 16,353; of lodgings, 4967; transportation was secured for 3939, and $7527 of pay was collected and paid over.

LOUISVILLE.

The number of meals furnished during the month of May has been 19,790; of lodgings, 6,327.

NEW ALBANY, (IND.)

Number admitted during May, 800; of meals furnished, 1,868; of lodgings, 557.

CAMP NELSON, (KY.)

Number of lodgings furnished during the month, 7,526; of meals, 23,604.

DETROIT.

During the months of March and April there were admitted 1,134; the number of meals furnished was 4,864, and of lodgings, 1,416.

MEMPHIS.

During the five weeks ending June 4, the number admitted has been 1542, from 19 different states; of meals furnished 4289; of lodgings 1296; transportation was procured for 241.

Mr. Christy reports:

The adoption, in March last, of a system of registration additional to the general register of the "Lodge" of the work of special relief at this point, makes it possible to furnish, from time to time, a more extended showing of what has been done in that department than has heretofore been given in my weekly reports. Believing that such a showing may contain some items of interest, I have collected the materials for it from my books, and herewith send them for your perusal.

The period of time embraced is from April 1st to April 30th, inclusive of both dates.

The whole number registered during that period is	1,420
Furloughed	354
Discharged	32
Recruiting Service	97
Convalescents	292
Recruits	218
Guards	222
Detached Service	73

From States, as follows:

Illinois, 455; Iowa, 184; Ohio, 146; Missouri, 75; Indiana, 97; Michigan, 75; Minnesota, 69; Wisconsin, 64; Kentucky, 39; New York, 38; New Jersey, 32; Pennsylvania, 13; Mississippi Marine Brigade, 11; Kansas, 10; Tennessee, 7; Massachusetts, 5; Veteran Reserve Corps, 3; Regular Army, 2; Nebraska, 2; New Hampshire, 1; Maine, 1; Connecticut, 1; Louisiana, (A. D.,) 1.

Of these, forty-one were sick, ten crippled in various ways, one sick and crippled, and two wounded.

Number of lodgings furnished	1,324
Number of meals furnished	4,802

Besides furnishing lodgings and meals as above, we have given additional relief to one hundred and fifty-six out of the one thousand four hundred and ninety-two men, as follows:

Furnished transportation at Government rates, through Quartermaster	127
Transportation paid by Commission	2
Carriage within the city to	24
Clothing to	6
Aid in correcting papers	9
Aid in drawing pay	13
Amount drawn and paid over	$2,632.77
Medical advice furnished to	3
Money given to	5
Sent to hospital	13
Referred to local relief associations	6

Rations furnished to seventeen enlisted men on leaving, who could not draw them from the Commissary.

You will have noticed that the work of the Lodge has been gradually diminishing for three months. I had supposed that this decrease would continue. Movements of troops along the Mississippi, and in the adjacent section, warranted this expectation, I think. But the failure of both the Red River expeditions—that under General Steele and that under General Banks—making necessary another campaign, and the concentration of troops here, will, I think, not only check this decline, but rather increase our work.

* * * * * *

POINT ISABELLA HOSPITAL, KENTUCKY.

Mr. Payson reports:

By the kindness of Captain T. S. Hall, I was furnished with an ambulance, and taking such stores as were thought to be needed, I started for Camp Burnside on the morning of the 16th. On reaching Hall's Gap, I found the post, which had heretofore been somewhat extensive, broken up, and the stores on hand removed to Crab Orchard. On the following day I reached Somerset, where I expected to find a hospital, but was informed that in March last it was given up, and the patients were removed to Point Isabella, which place I reached at 7 P. M. I was most cordially received by Dr. C. W. Leonard, of the 10th Michigan Cavalry, now acting as post surgeon.

As the former supply of stores which have been sent to this post, and which was very liberal, was now entirely exhausted, the men were very grateful for the articles I took them.

From Dr. Leonard I learned that in January last the hospital was established and put under the immediate care of Dr. Harris, of the 7th Rhode Island. He remained in charge till the 19th of March, when Dr. Leonard was ordered to break up the hospital of which he had charge at Somerset and take charge of that at the Point.

From the establishment of the hospital there have been three hundred patients; of these, thirty-four have died. The prevailing diseases have been typhoid and pneumonia.

The site for the hospital was doubtless thought to be as desirable as at that time could be selected. It is on an eminence some three hundred feet above the river. The ground being very uneven, the hospital tents were pitched in a hollow, although raised some three feet from the ground, They are all floored, and at present dry. Two hospital tents embrace a ward, and in each is a large stone fire-place. It is to be feared that when the heavy rains set in, the water will stand under the tents, unless great care is taken to have proper drainage. The location, with the best of care, is not desirable.

I am happy to say that Dr. Leonard is unremitting in his care of his patients. He visits them regularly twice a day, and all special cases three or four times a day. His labors are very arduous, having now neither clerk nor assistant.

The police of the hospital is good. Every man is required to wash twice a week. There is great fear that the hospital will suffer for the want of good wholesome water. They are obliged to haul all they use from a spring half a mile distant, and keep it in barrels. As there can be no ice, it is all important that they should be fur-

nished with dried currants, raspberry vinegar, and lemons, for cooling drinks. In the general, I can say that all is done for the comfort and restoration of the patients that can be, under the circumstances. There has been a great deficiency of medical supplies, which, it is hoped, will be speedily met. As the great majority of the cases are of a low form, the hospital should be provided with a good supply of stimulants.

There is connected with the hospital a post burial ground. It contains about half an acre uninclosed, and has twenty-nine graves. The names and numbers I will endeavor to send you.

At present the hospital has a capacity of ninety-two beds, all of which are occupied. Efforts are being made to erect suitable buildings on an adjoining hill, near a fine cool spring. Should this effort be successful, it will be of great advantage to the health of the men.

Of the patients, fifteen are from Indiana, nine from Illinois, fifteen from the 10th Michigan Cavalry, and fifty-four from Kentucky.

I also visited the 49th Kentucky, the only regiment now at the post. It has only seven in the hospital. At the sick call, they have some twenty-five or thirty cases, mostly diarrhea and intermittent. Although the health of this regiment has been uncommonly good heretofore, there can be no doubt, if they continue in their present camping ground through the hot season, that sickness will increase, as there is much of malarial influence.

NOTES ON NURSING.

CHATTERING HOPES AND ADVICES.

No mockery in the world is so hollow as the advice showered upon the sick. It is of no use for the sick to say any thing, for what the adviser wants is, *not* to know the truth about the state of the patient, but to turn whatever the sick may say to the support of his own argument, set forth, it must be repeated, without any inquiry whatever into the patient's real condition. "But it would be impertinent or indecent in me to make such an inquiry," says the adviser. True; and how much more impertinent is it to give your advice when you can know nothing about the truth, and admit you could not inquire into it.

To nurses I say—these are the visitors who do your patient harm. When you hear him told: 1. That he has nothing the matter with him, and that he wants cheering. 2. That he is committing suicide, and that he wants preventing. 3. That he is the tool of somebody who makes use of him for a purpose. 4. That he will listen to nobody, but is obstinately bent upon his own way; and 5. That he ought to be called to a sense of duty, and is flying in the face of Providence; then know that your patient is receiving all the injury that he can receive from a visitor.

How little the real sufferings of illness are known or understood. How little does any one in good health fancy him or even *her*self into the life of a sick person.

Do, you who are about the sick or who visit the sick, try and give them pleasure; remember to tell them what will do so. How often in such visits the sick person has to do the whole conversation, exerting his own imagination and memory, while you would take the visitor, absorbed in his own anxieties, making no effort of memory or imagination, for the sick person. "Oh! my dear, I have so much to think of, I really quite forgot to tell him that; besides, I thought he would know it," says the visitor to another friend. How could "he know it?" Depend upon it, the people who say this are really those who have little "to think of." There are many burthened with business who always manage to keep a pigeon-hole in their minds, full of things to tell the "invalid."

I do not say, don't tell him your anxieties—I believe it is good for him and good for you too; but if you tell him what is anxious, surely you can remember to tell him what is pleasant too.

A sick person does so enjoy hearing good news; for instance, of a love and courtship, while in progress to a good ending. If you tell him only when the marriage takes place, he loses half the pleasure, which God knows he has little enough of; and ten to one but you have told him of some love-making with a bad ending.

A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any *material* good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so much of books and fiction, of principles, and precepts, and theories; do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically, it is like a day's health to him.

You have no idea what the craving of sick, with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it.

Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.

They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them, they like you to be fresh and active and interested, but they cannot bear absence of mind, and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter whom it is, they see.

There is no better society than babies and sick people for one another. Of course you must manage this so that neither shall suffer from it, which is perfectly possible. If you think the "air of the sick room" bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid too, and, therefore, you will of course correct it for both. It freshens up a sick person's whole mental atmosphere to see "the baby." And a very young child, if unspoiled, will generally adapt itself wonderfully to the ways of a sick person, if the time they spend together is not too long.

If you knew how unreasonably sick people

suffer from reasonable causes of distress, you would take more pains about all these things. An infant laid upon the sick bed will do the sick person, thus suffering, more good than all your logic. A piece of good news will do the same. Perhaps you are afraid of "disturbing" him. You say there is no comfort for his present cause of affliction. It is perfectly reasonable. The distinction is this, if he is obliged to act, do not "disturb" him with another subject of thought just yet; help him to do what he wants to do; but, if he *has* done this, or if nothing *can* be done, then "disturb" him by all means. You will relieve, more effectually, unreasonable suffering from reasonable causes by telling him "the news," showing him "the baby," or giving him something new to think of or to look at, than by all the logic in the world.

It has been very justly said that the sick are like children in this, that there is no *proportion* in events to them. Now it is your business, as their visitor, to restore this right proportion for them—to show them what the rest of the world is doing. How can they find it out otherwise? You will find them far more open to conviction than children in this. And you will find that their unreasonable intensity of suffering from unkindness, from want of sympathy, &c., will disappear with their freshened interest in the big world's events. But then you must be able to give them real interests, not gossip.

OBSERVATION OF THE SICK.

There is no more silly or universal question scarcely asked than this, "Is he better?" Ask it of the medical attendant, if you please. But of whom else, if you wish for a real answer to your question, would you ask? Certainly not of the casual visitor; certainly not of the nurse, while the nurse's observation is so little exercised as it is now. What you want are facts, not opinions—for who can have any opinion of any value as to whether the patient is better or worse, excepting the constant medical attendant, or the really observing nurse?

The most important practical lesson that can be given to nurses is to teach them what to observe—how to observe—what symptoms indicate improvement—what the reverse—which are of importance—which are of none—which are the evidence of neglect—and of what kind of neglect.

All this is what ought to make part, and an essential part, of the training of every nurse. At present how few there are, either professional or unprofessional, who really know at all whether any sick person they may be with is better or worse.

The vagueness and looseness of the information one receives in answer to that much abused question, "Is he better?" would be ludicrous, if it were not painful. The only sensible answer (in the present state of knowledge about sickness,) would be, "How can I know? I cannot tell how he was when I was not with him."

I can record but a very few specimens of the answers which I have heard made by friends and nurses, and accepted by physicians and surgeons at the very bedside of the patient, who could have contradicted very word, but did not—sometimes from amiability, often from shyness, oftenest from languor!

"How often have the bowels acted, nurse?" "Once, sir." This generally means that the utensil has been emptied once, it having been used perhaps seven or eight times.

"Do you think the patient is much weaker than he was six weeks ago?" "Oh no, sir; you know it is very long since he has been up and dressed, and he can get across the room now." This means that the nurse has not observed that whereas six weeks ago he sat up and occupied himself in bed, he now lies still doing nothing; that, although he can "get across the room," he cannot stand for five seconds.

Another patient who is eating well, recovering steadily, although slowly, from fever, but cannot walk or stand, is represented to the doctor as making no progress at all.

Questions, too, as asked now (but too generally) of or about patients, would obtain no information at all about them, even if the person asked of had every information to give. The question is generally a leading question; and it is singular that people never think what must be the answer to this question before they ask it: for instance, "Has he had a good night?" Now, one patient will think he has a bad night if he has not slept ten hours without waking. Another does not think he has a bad night if he had intervals of dosing occasionally. The same answer has actually been given as regarded two patients—one who had been entirely sleepless for five times twenty-four hours, and died of it, and another who had not slept the sleep of a regular night, without waking. Why cannot the question be asked, How many hours' sleep has ——— had? and at what hours of the night?* "I have never closed my eyes all night," an answer as frequently made when the speaker has had several hours' sleep as when he has had none, would then be less often said. Lies, intentional and unintentional, are much seldomer told in answer to precise than to leading questions. Another frequent error is to inquire whether one cause remains, and not whether the effect which may be produced by a great many different causes, *not* inquired after, remains. As when it is asked, whether there was noise in the street last night; and if there were not, the patient is reported, without more ado, to have had a good night. Patients are completely taken aback by these kinds of leading questions, and give only the exact amount of information asked for, even when they know it to be completely misleading. The shyness of patients is seldom allowed for.

How few there are who, by five or six pointed questions, can elicit the whole case, and get accurately to know and to be able to report *where* the patient is.

I know a very clever physician, of large dispensary and hospital practice, who invariably began his examination of each patient with "Put your finger where you be bad." That man would never waste his time with collecting

* This is important, because on this depends what the remedy will be. If a patient sleeps two or three hours early in the night, and then does not sleep again at all, ten to one it is not a narcotic he wants, but food or stimulus, or perhaps only warmth. If, on the other hand, he is restless and awake all night, and is drowsy in the morning, he probably wants sedatives, either quiet, coolness, or medicine, a lighter diet, or all four. Now the doctor should be told this, or how can he judge what to give?

inaccurate information from nurse or patient. Leading questions always collect inaccurate information.

At a recent celebrated trial, the following leading question was put successively to nine distinguished medical men: "Can you attribute these symptoms to anything else but poison?" And out of the nine, eight answered "No!" without any qualification whatever. It appeared, upon cross-examination:—1. That none of them had ever seen a case of the kind of poisoning supposed. 2. That none of them had ever seen a case of the kind of disease to which the death, if not to poison, was attributable. 3. That none of them were even aware of the main fact of the disease and condition to which the disease was attributable.

Surely nothing stronger can be adduced to prove what use leading questions are of, and what they lead to.

I had rather not say how many instances I have known, where, owing to this system of leading questions, the patient has died, and the attendants have been actually unaware of the principal feature of the case.

It is useless to go through all the particulars, besides sleep, in which people have a peculiar talent for gleaning inaccurate information. As to food, for instance, I often think that most common question, How is your appetite? can only be put because the questioner believes the questioned has really nothing the matter with him, which is very often the case. But where there is, the remark holds good which has been made about sleep. The *same* answer will often be made as regards a patient who cannot take two ounces of solid food per diem, and a patient who does not enjoy five meals a day as much as usual.

Again, the question, How is your appetite? is often put when How is your digestion? is the question meant. No doubt the two things depend on one another. But they are quite different. Many a patient can eat, if you can only "tempt his appetite." The fault lies in your not having got him the thing that he fancies. But many another patient does not care between grapes and turnips—everything is equally distasteful to him. He would try to eat anything which would do him good; but everything "makes him worse." The fault here generally lies in the cooking. It is not his "appetite" which requires "tempting," it is his digestion which requires sparing. And good sick cookery will save the digestion half its work.

There may be four different causes, any one of which will produce the same result, viz., the patient slowly starving to death from want of nutrition:

1. Defect in cooking;
2. Defect in choice of diet;
3. Defect in choice of hours for taking diet;
4. Defect of appetite in patient;

Yet all these are generally comprehended in the one sweeping assertion that the patient has "no appetite."

Surely many lives might be saved by drawing a closer distinction; for the remedies are as diverse as the causes. The remedy for the first is to cook better; for the second, to choose other articles of diet; for the third, to watch for the hours when the patient is in want of food; for the fourth, to show him what he likes, and sometimes unexpectedly. But no one of these remedies will do for any other of the defects not corresponding with it.

I cannot too often repeat that patients are generally either too languid to observe these things, or too shy to speak about them; nor is it well that they should be made to observe them, it fixes their attention upon themselves.

Again, I say, what is the nurse or friend there for except to take note of these things, instead of the patient doing so?

It is commonly supposed that the nurse is there to spare the patient from making physical exertion for himself—I would rather say that she ought to be there to spare him from taking thought for himself. And I am quite sure, that if the patient were spared all thought for himself, and not spared all physical exertion, he would be infinitely the gainer. The reverse is generally the case in the private house. In the hospital it is the relief from all anxiety, afforded by the rules of a well-regulated institution, which has often such a beneficial effect upon the patient.

Again, the question is sometimes put, "Is there diarrhea?" And the answer will be the same, whether it is just merging into cholera, whether it is a trifling degree brought on by some trifling indiscretion, which will cease the moment the cause is removed, or whether there is no diarrhea at all, but simply relaxed bowels.

It is useless to multiply instances of this kind. As long as observation is so little cultivated as it is now, I do believe that it is better for the physician not to see the friends of the patient at all. They will oftener mislead him than not. And as often by making the patient out worse as better than he really is.

In the case of infants, everything must depend upon the accurate observation of the nurse or mother who has to report. And how seldom is this condition of accuracy fulfilled.

A celebrated man, though celebrated only for foolish things, has told us that one of his main objects in the education of his son, was to give him a ready habit of accurate observation, a certainty of perception, and that for this purpose one of his means was a month's course as follows:—He took the boy rapidly past a toy-shop; the father and son then described to each other as many of the objects as they could, which they had seen in passing the windows, noting them down with pencil and paper, and returning afterwards to verify their own accuracy. The boy always succeeded best, *e. g.*, if the father described 30 objects, the boy did 40, and scarcely ever made a mistake.

I have often thought how wise a piece of education this would be for much higher objects; and in our calling of nurses the thing itself is essential. For it may safely be said, not that the habit of ready and correct observation will by itself make us useful nurses, but that without it we shall be useless with all our devotion.

I have known a nurse in charge of a set of wards, who not only carried in her head all the little varieties in the diets which each patient was allowed to fix for himself, but also exactly what each patient had taken during each day. I have known another nurse in charge of one single patient, who took away his meals day after day all but untouched, and never knew it.

If you find it helps you to note down such things on a bit of paper, in pencil, by all means do so. I think it more often lames than strengthens the memory and observation. But if you cannot get the habit of observation one way or the other, you had better give up being a nurse, for it is not your calling, however kind and anxious you may be.

Surely you can learn at least to judge with the eye how much an ounce of solid food is, how much an ounce of liquid. You will find this helps your observation and memory very much, you will then say to yourself, "A. took about an ounce of his meat to-day;" "B. took three times in 24 hours about ¼ pint of beef tea;" instead of saying "B. has taken nothing all day;" or "I gave A. his dinner as usual."

I have known several of our real old-fashioned hospital "sisters," who could, as accurately as a measuring glass, measure out all their patients' wine and medicine by the eye, and never be wrong. I do not recommend this, one must be very sure of one's self to do it. I only mention it, because if a nurse can by practice measure medicine by the eye, surely she is no nurse who cannot measure by the eye about how much food (in ounce) her patient has taken. In hospitals those who cut up the diets give with sufficient accuracy, to his patient, his 12 ounces or his 6 ounces of meat without weighing. Yet a nurse will often have patients loathing all food and incapable of any will to get well, who just tumble over the contents of the plate or dip the spoon in the cup to deceive the nurse, and she will take it away without ever seeing that there is just the same quantity of food as when she brought it, and she will tell the doctor, too, that the patient has eaten all his diets as usual, when all she ought to have meant is that she has taken away his diets as usual.

Now what kind of a nurse is this?

I would call attention to something else, in which nurses frequently fail in observation. There is a well-marked distinction between the excitable and what I will call the accumulative temperament in patients. One will blaze up at once, under any shock or anxiety, and sleep very comfortably after it; another will seem quite calm and even torpid, under the same shock, and people say, "He hardly felt it at all," yet you will find him some time after slowly sinking. The same remark applies to the action of narcotics, of aperients, which, in the one, take effect directly, in the other not perhaps for twenty-four hours. A journey, a visit, an unwonted exertion, will affect the one immediately, but he recovers after it; the other bears it very well at the time, apparently, and dies or is prostrated for life by it. People often say how difficult the excitable temperament is to manage. I say how difficult is the accumulative temperament. With the first you have an out-break which you could anticipate, and it is all over. With the second you never know where you are—you never know when the consequences are over. And it requires your closest observation to know what are the consequences of what—for the consequent by no means follows immediately upon the antecedent—and coarse observation is utterly at fault.—*Miss Nightingale.*

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F. L. Olmsted, California.
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☞ Soldiers' Aid Societies, clergymen, editors, and others, can scarcely serve the cause of humanity more effectually than by frequently and widely disseminating a knowledge of the above, among those who have friends in the army.

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Soldiers' Home, Third Street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio—Col. G. W. D. Andrews, Sup't.
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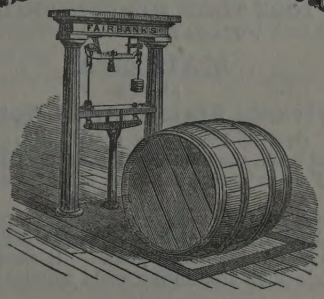

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DURYEA'S MAIZENA

RECEIVED

TWO PRIZE MEDALS

(FROM JURIES 3 AND 4)

AT THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,

LONDON, 1862.

Being Sole Awards gained by anything of the kind. It also received Superlative Report of

"EXCEEDING EXCELLENT FOR FOOD."

MAIZENA,

At the GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at HAMBURG, July, 1863, received the highest Prize Medal for its great delicacy as an article of food.

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"MAIZENA" has also taken the first premium at the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York City; NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR at Trenton, and at other places—in every instance where it has been exhibited.

"MAIZENA" has never failed to receive the highest award when placed in competition with Corn Starch and all articles of like character, after a thorough Microscopical and Analytical Examination of disinterested judges. It therefore stands commended to the public as the best article of its kind in the world without any comments of the manufacturer.

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For Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream, nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich cream for Coffee, Chocolate, Tea, &c.

Put up in one pound packages, under the trade mark "Maizena," with directions for use.

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NORTH AMERICAN
Fire Insurance Company,

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, No. 114 BROADWAY.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, {May 1, 1864,} $675,014 13.

ASSETS:

Loans on Bond and Mortgage, being first lien on Real Estate, worth over Fifty per cent. above the amount loaned	$173,160 00
Stocks, Bonds and other Securities owned by the Company, market value	365,960 00
Cash in Bank and Office	24,232 15
Loans on demand with collaterals	71,400 00
Premiums due and outstanding	3,820 81
Cash in Agents' hands in course of transmission [business of April received]	13,491 57
Interest accrued on Securities	21,684 60
Other Property of Company	1,265 00
	$675,014 13
Losses unadjusted	$10,500 00

Insures Property against Loss or Damage by Fire at usual rates, and returns three-fourths of the net Profits, each year, to the Assured.

Policies Issued and Losses paid at the Office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities in the United States.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.

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OFFICE OF THE

Columbian (Marine) Insurance

COMPANY,

CORNER OF WALL AND NASSAU STREETS.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - $1,000,000.

From Statement for the Sixth Fiscal Year, ending December 31, 1863.

Total Amount of Assets, January 1, 1864	$3,140,930 80
Total Amount of Premiums	3,252,256 76
Excess of Earned Premiums over Losses, &c.	1,137,063 33
Reserve for Estimate Claims Unadjusted and other Contingencies	441,206 49
Guaranteed Cash Dividend to Dealers, (holding certificates of same) on Paid Premiums Earned during the Year, whether Loss has Accrued or not	269,614 80
Scrip Dividend to Dealers, on Earned Premiums	15 per cent.
Dividend for the Year to Stockholders	26 per cent.

LOSSES PAID IN GOLD upon Risks on which the Premium is paid in like Currency.

DEALERS WITH THIS COMPANY will be allowed the option (to be signified at the time of application for insurance) of receiving in lieu of scrip, at the end of each year, RETURNS IN CASH, (guaranteed by certificate) of premiums paid and earned during the year, whether loss accrues or not, upon all new risks under the NEW YORK FORM OF POLICY, as follows:

1st. Upon all VOYAGE Risks upon CARGO, a return of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

2d. Upon VOYAGE Risks upon FREIGHT, a return of TWENTY PER CENT.

3d. Upon TIME Risks upon FREIGHT, and upon VOYAGE and TIME Risks upon HULLS, a return of TEN PER CENT.

Such privilege, however, being confined to persons and firms, the aggregate of whose premiums upon such policies earned and paid during the year, shall amount to the sum of one hundred dollars.

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